

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

Chatelaine

JUNE - 1944
STILL ONLY 10¢



After Hours—



turn heads and hearts with a sparkling smile!

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

Women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs now*.

What can you do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check your Help Wanted ads, or see your local National Selective Service office.

Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer and healthier. Guard against "pink tooth brush". Use Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE WORKING on the home front—backing your heroes on the battle front. But when your day's stint is done—it's time for relaxation—for fun, for dates and romance.

Do you need beauty—bright as a star—to capture hearts? Not at all! Look at the popular girls about you. Few can claim real beauty. But they all know *how to smile!*

So let your smile be bright—warm hearts with its magic! But for that kind of a smile you need

bright, sparkling teeth. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage. For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums as well.

Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



START TODAY WITH

Ipana AND massage

A product of Bristol-Myers — Made in Canada

*The men who are planning *the world of tomorrow*...



*are using the Parker Pen of today ~ ~ ~

Whether it is used merely to write "O.K.," or to record an entire project, the pen point is often the starting point of an enterprise. And men and women whose work is important invariably choose the Parker Vacumatic Pen.

There are many reasons for their choice. First, the Parker 14-Kt Gold Nib, Osmiridium tipped for smooth tireless writing. Second, the extra ink capacity of the Parker Vacumatic, and its Television barrel that enables you to see the ink level at all times. And all the other features of the Parker... its Patented One-hand Filler, its hand-easy balance, streamlined beauty, exquisite choice of colors, its instantaneous writing ability and constant dependable performance.

No wonder that all who have writing to do, who are planning efficiently for the future, believe that first choice in pens is the Parker Vacumatic. Parker Pencils to match complete the world's finest writing set. See Parker Pens and Pencils at any good pen counter.

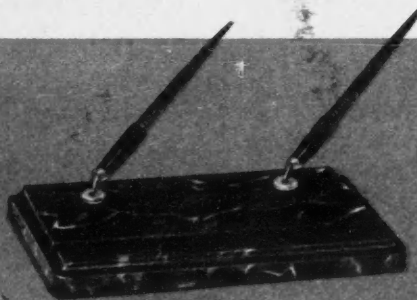
THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY LIMITED, TORONTO, ONTARIO



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PARKER ACTIVE SERVICE SETS
Parker Vacumatic Pen and Pencil in smart leather case to fit tunic pocket. From \$5.75 to \$15.00.



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Single Pen and Pencil, Double Pen; or Pen only. Cases in Onyx, Marble and other styles. From \$10.00 to \$53.50.



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In sizes and colors to suit men or women; with choice of pen points. From \$5.00 to \$23.50.

Parker
VACUMATIC
PENS AND PENCILS

◆ Pens marked with the blue Diamond are guaranteed for life against everything except loss or intentional damage subject only to a charge of 35¢ for postage, insurance and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

ADDRESSES ON THE MOVE . . .



MAIL TO REINFORCEMENT UNITS A CHALLENGE TO US ALL . . .

THIS is a war of movement. Never before have troops been moved such incredible distances, in so many theatres of war, so quickly. Night and day, thousands of men are in motion, by sea transport, motor truck and air . . . edging into enemy territory, shifting to keep the element of surprise. Did you ever stop to think what it means, under these trying conditions, to find your friend or relative, and put your letter into his hands?

Yet in spite of the tremendous task involved, tracing men who are moving from reinforcement units in England to group depots in Italy . . . or from one location to another . . . or through hospitalization or while on leave . . . in the face of every sort of war hazard . . . 31,500,000 letters in addition to parcels and other items, reached our men in 1943.



CANADA POST OFFICE

Issued by the authority of the
HON. W. P. MULOCK, K.C., M.P., POSTMASTER GENERAL





Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with dandruff, including *Pityrosporum ovale*, the strange "bottle bacillus."

It may be DANDRUFF

...better do something about it NOW!

IF YOU have persistent symptoms like those mentioned above don't ignore them. You may be running into a peck of trouble. Those ugly flakes... those troublesome scales... that annoying itching... may be evidence that dandruff has started.

Don't waste a minute hoping that it will disappear. Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair an antiseptic bath. It quickly destroys millions of germs associated with dandruff, including *Pityrosporum ovale*, the queer "bottle bacillus."

Often, from the very outset, you can note the improvement that the Listerine Antiseptic treatment brings. Scales and flakes begin to disappear. Irritation is relieved. Your scalp glows and tingles. It looks healthier and feels healthier.

76% Improved in Tests

This is the same treatment with which, in one month 76% of dandruff sufferers, in a clinical test, obtained positive relief from, or marked improvement in, their dandruff symptoms.

Literally thousands of men and women rely on Listerine Antiseptic and massage as a precaution against dandruff, and as a prompt first-aid treatment when it has started. If you have the slightest case of dandruff get started with Listerine Antiseptic at once.

Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd.



The TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week just as a precaution. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and Massage

Made in Canada

Foreword and FOOTNOTES

NOW, in our fifth year of war, it's high time we examined the mistakes made after the first world war, to see that they're not allowed to happen again. In "Will Pacifism Rise Again?" Erika Mann points out some of the pitfalls into which indifference and apathy may lead us.

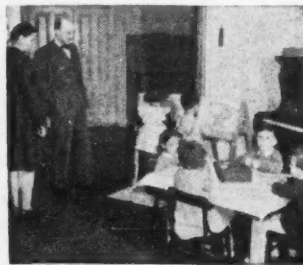
Miss Mann, daughter of the well-known author, Thomas Mann, is a lecturer and writer and one of the most articulate anti-Nazis to escape from Hitler's Germany. Born in Munich, in 1905, she was well launched as a playwright when



the Nazis came into power. One of her plays, "The Pepper Mill," which lampooned and ridiculed Nazism, came to the attention of Hitler's Regent who promptly closed in on the Mann family, and Erika and her brother were forced to go into hiding. Their parents were holidaying in Switzerland at the time, so Erika phoned to advise them to stay a while longer as "the weather in Munich was unpleasant." She and her brother fled to Switzerland to join them. Only once more did Erika set foot in Germany and that was to stage a daring rescue of the manuscript, "Joseph And His Brothers," which her father was engaged in writing. Disguised as a peasant girl she crept into her father's house, stole the manuscript and drove out of the city, and eventually out of Germany, with it safely concealed under the tools of the car.

It is her firm belief that indifference and neglect were to blame for Hitler's rise to power in Germany. In those days people believed that politics was the affair of politicians and that other people should mind their own business—thus the Nazis got a strangle hold on Germany. Today, according to Erika, there are vast numbers of Germans sabotaging and planning the downfall of Hitler.

At the present time, she is on her way overseas to be on the spot, as war correspondent, for the invasion—wherever and whenever it takes place.



Institute of Child Study at the University of Toronto.

That Dr. Blatz is an authority on child psychology is a well-known fact, but not many people are aware that he is also a pianist, an authority on farming, tree planting and poultry rearing, and, at the drop of a hat, can concoct a dish of onion soup worthy of a master French chef. It's Dr. Blatz's conviction that we all need skills—as many as possible—to fortify us against the insecurity of this mad world, and to build security within us.

In this issue of Chatelaine we bring you the first of a series of articles on child training by Dr. W. E. Blatz, Director of The



CHATELAINÉ
for June

WRONG GUY

THEY stood looking at each other hungrily across the fence. For almost six months now they had looked at each other across a fence—Hildy and Stub. Not always so actual, material a fence as this one of split rails, but a substantial one just the same.

It had begun when the new war plant opened at the edge of Westbury, and men and women from everywhere began pushing into the peaceful, gentle little town, crowding into hastily constructed shacks, spilling over the edges of the landscape—spoiling it, some of the old citizens said.

They hadn't spoiled it for Hildy. "They're not like any people I've ever known," she would say, her dark eyes bright with excitement. "They're so colorful—so—well, different—" And she would drive down in the station wagon, picking up children for the welfare clinic, and talk to the women while they hung their clothes on the line. She would listen to their rich variegated accents and intonations, and play with their children, and laugh off the tentative advances of their older sons, who waited with hopeful boredom on the corners after work . . .

By Gertrude Schweitzer

When her parents tried to stop her, she smiled at them in a way they had never been able to resist. "How will I grow or learn if you won't let me come in contact with anything or anyone that wasn't bred in Westbury?" she asked them. And later, soberly, "You have to see for yourself to understand about people who haven't ever had any of the things we take for granted—proper schooling or decent houses or anything. You can't know unless you see for yourself."

And her father said to her mother, "Let her go. We can't shelter her forever."

The workers resented Hildy at first—her clothes, her untouched look, the unconsciously proud set of her head—but they got used to her. She asked endless personal questions, but she was warm and kind, and they could see her interest was genuine. Even the corner loungers let her alone, except to whistle out of habit when she passed by.

Until one day a new boy appeared among them. He was very young—only a little older than Hildy, probably—with thin bony wrists protruding from the sleeves of his cheap jacket. At first glance there was nothing to set him apart from the other corner loungers. Then Hildy saw the way he stood with the others, yet not quite of them—the way they looked at him anxiously each time they spoke—and she knew he was their new leader. There was something in the defiant forward thrust of his head, the rim of color along his high sharp cheekbones, the sultry, almost feverish blackness of his eyes that set up a strange painful pounding in her heart.

The others whistled indifferently, but this new one stepped away from them, directly into Hildy's path. "Hello, sweetheart," he said. There was no eagerness, no excitement in his voice or face—only a dull, sullen kind of anger.

She stood still and met his look, but he did not drop it nor color nor change his expression as any of the others would have.

"Going my way?" he added, not as if he cared,



HELP YOURSELF TO

BREAD

1/4 of Canada's food energy comes from bread!

WHEN you put plenty of good, wholesome bread on the table, you give your family an abundance of energy-nutrition. You serve a food that's rich in precious body-fuel.

Bread, unlike some other carbohydrates, does more than satisfy hunger, because *bread* is rich in *lasting energy*, the kind you need to keep going. Bread "stays" with you through longer war-time hours, and more strenuous war-time jobs.

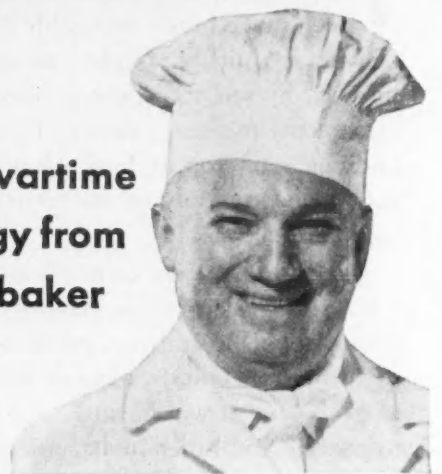
And bread is appetizing and so easy to digest. Every crumb is used up—

nothing left over for the body to throw off.

When you serve nutritious bakers' bread—you can be sure of delicious flavor—golden-cruled goodness that you and your whole family will enjoy. And bakers' bread is your most economical energy food. It gives you solid nutrition at the smallest possible cost.

For extra energy—bank on bakers' bread. Bread is one of the best and the cheapest sources of food-energy there is. Help yourself to bread—at least one *extra* slice each meal!

**Buy wartime
energy from
your baker**



The bread your local baker supplies takes on added importance in wartime. It is your richest and cheapest source of food-energy. And made with milk, or eaten with milk, it is an important source of protein for building and repairing muscle.

*Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast
as a contribution to the advancement of
Canadian National Health*

*** IN WARTIME EAT ONE MORE SLICE OF BREAD EACH MEAL ***



without looking once at Stub. "I'm not sending him home because he's poor, or new in town. I remember too well being poor and new myself. It's because he's a wrong guy, Hildy, and I don't want him around my daughter."

Stub had stayed away from her after that. She'd had to seek him out when she wanted to see him, as she was seeking him out now. Sometimes he was so bitter that her heart would ache for him.

"Why do you come here?" he'd shout, almost as though he hated her—almost, except that he'd have looked at her if it was hate that his eyes held; he'd have let her see. "You and your kind, nice and comfortable in your nice, pretty, clean houses, telling guys like me what to do," he'd say, his face white and stiff-looking, turned away from her. "What do you know about it? What do you know about anything hard or dirty or cheap? What do you know about wanting something so bad it almost kills you, but you can't have it? You ever wanted anything you couldn't have?"

She might answer, "You, Stub. You're all I want." Or she might say, "I'm not like them, Stubby. You know I'm not. I believe in you. I know you'd have been somebody long ago, if they'd have let you alone." Or she might just look at him, waiting, and soon he'd turn to her with the softness in his eyes and tell her he knew she was different, and that he'd be somebody yet—and she would go home happy.

Other times he was the way he was today—despising himself, wondering what she wanted with him—and she would have to build him up to himself; she would have to try to explain. But how could she explain what made her love Stub? She did not know herself. Does anyone, ever? She could only repeat, "I love you, Stub. Nobody else matters. Not anybody."

He leaned across the fence a little, his drawn-down mouth mocking. "Not even Richard Noll, Hildy? Not even Lieutenant Richard Noll?"

She shook her head patiently, smiling at him. "I told you. I like Richard. I love you."

His mouth sobered. "Noll would be right for you. You ought to marry him. I'll never amount to anything. They'll never give me a chance to."

"But you have a chance now, Stub. Mr. Halsey's taking you on here is a wonderful break. You work hard and learn a lot and there's no telling what you'll get to be."

"What'll I get to be?" He made a short contemptuous sound. "I'm no better off than I ever was. I'm just a hired hand that your kind spits on. Think I'm going to get to make any real dough like this? Think your bunch is going to open up and take me in, now that I swing a rake? Think again!"

WHEN HILDY got home, her father and Richard Noll were sitting on the porch with a pitcher of lemonade on the table between them. She could see them as she turned the corner of her street, and something hardened and froze inside her chest. Their place in the world was so secure, and they were so smug about it, so intolerant of anyone outside of their closed little circle. It was they and people like them who made it hard for Stub. They condemned him because he'd never had a chance, and then they wouldn't give him the chance when they could.

She went up the trim flagstone walk, looking from her father's healthy, well-fed, middle-aged face to the sharply cut features of the young man in uniform. She resented the untroubled clearness of his eyes, remembering the restless unhappiness in Stub's. She resented the cheerful up-curve of his mouth, because Stub's mouth turned down. She resented the pip on his tunic shoulder, because it was freshly acquired from an Officer's Training School, to which Stub, when his lung healed, would never have a chance to go.

"Hello, Hildy," he said. "I've been waiting for you."

"Have you?" She pushed the damp curls back from her forehead. "It's so hot for September. I don't know whether to pour that lemonade into me or over me."

Her father scraped back his chair and heaved his bulk up out of it. "Think I'll go fetch your mother from the ration board, Hildy. If she comes alone she'll half run, the way she always does, and maybe collapse in this heat."

Continued on page 23

Soon the novelty of the work took her mind off Stub a little. After all Richard was giving up a whole day of his precious leave, to help them pick fruit.

Sometimes a lovely girl will pick a wrong guy
Sometimes, like Hildegard, in this story, she'll stubbornly
defend him against her people and her friends.
And sometimes she changes her own mind
with no help from anyone except Wrong Guy!

ILLUSTRATED
BY MACHTEY

rather in a tone of defiance—as though daring her to insult him for approaching her.

Hildy was intrigued. She had been from the moment she saw him standing there among the others. If she had spoken to him sharply, or walked on without speaking at all, or shown fear, everything would have been different. But Hildy was young and full of curiosity, without arrogance, without fear.

"I don't know," she said pleasantly. "I'm going home. Would you like to walk along with me?"

His eyes changed and shifted then. He looked baffled. But he had to go. He couldn't back out, with the others all watching.

AND THAT was how it started, the love affair—if you could call it that—of Hildegard Robb and Sam Stubbins. Hildy, who lived in a house that was newly painted white, with an arch of privet over the gate and new rattan furniture on the porch and a maid in a uniform to open the door. Stub, who shared a bed with two of his brothers in a dark corner of a jerry-built, jammed-to-bursting shack. Hildy, whose inquisitive mind was into everything, but whose life had actually been as sequestered as if there were a high wall between her and the world. Stub, who had been expelled from school for stealing when he was 14, who had served a term in reform school, who had "been around."

Hildy looked across the fence at him now, and thought how little difference all that made. And it would make less as time went on, as he grew and softened and relaxed his defiance under her love and trust. There was a change already, since he had come away from the centre of town, from the drugstore corner and the crowded shack and the job at the plant, to work here on Halsey's farm. He had come because the plant doctor had found a small spot on his lung that he said would never heal in darkness and dirt—and Hildy had persuaded the farmer to give him work. Already the sallow cast was lifting from his skin, giving way to a bronze glow.

"It's no use," Hildy said. "No use at all. There will never be anybody but you, Stubby, and you know it."

He lifted his hands a little, and let them fall against the sides of his overalls. His black eyes narrowed, as if to shut out the new strange softness that came into them when she spoke.

"What do you want me for? I'm just . . . like your old man said—just a 'wrong guy.'"

Her father had said it right to Stub's face, the very first time Hildy had been able to persuade the boy to call on her at home. Stub had scarcely been in the house when Mr. Robb had come downstairs and ordered him out.

Hildy had stormed at her father for the first time in her life. "You can't tell him to leave. You can't! What has he done? Just because he's poor, and new in town—just because he's never had a chance—you're down on him. Everybody's down on him—"

"That's not so, Hildy," her father had said gently,



he she Dances!

By LOTTA DEMPSEY

a genial Irishman whose dancing chores have taken him hoofing through many a picture, and who proved his point about nice girls being nice dancers by up and marrying his dancing partner. In fact, he admits happily that she taught him how.

Each of these well-known screen personalities had likes and dislikes about dancing partners, and was quite happy to give out, in the cause of future better relations and understanding between the sexes, on the things they had discovered about the people they danced with.

Ladies first, so we plug you in on a conversation between the writer and Miss Grable. She's on that strange, old-world subject of wolves—the variety that prowls the dance floor.

"A wolf will usually try to hold you too close," she points out, warningly. "When you object by word or action, even though he releases this hold somewhat, there is that certain possessiveness still subtly apparent. Personally, I don't like dancing with 'em, even though I must admit most of them make it a point to be good dancers. It's part of their stock in trade."

On the other hand, Mr. Murray hoists one storm signal in judging the wolf by his dance-floor behavior. He claims that there is that other strangleholder, the poor chap who is either terrified of women or taking his first dash at the supper music. He's hanging on for dear life, and you and the night and the music are the farthest thoughts from his mind. His one dream is to make port safely again, and subside there until it becomes imperative to collect some straggling female left at anchor. This may go for the lad whose hand plays a tattoo clammily on your back as well. Two to one he's just wondering what in heck to do with the darned thing. Both these types need home instruction to the good old family gramophone, and may turn out to be good and grateful spouses.

But the man who can't keep step to the music is a bird of another hue, according to Miss Grable. He's not likely to be the good husband type; and here's for why. "I think he's either sort of dumb, or he is indifferent to his dancing and therefore shouldn't be doing it. A man with a really keen interest in life almost always likes to dance; and if he likes to dance he should have sense enough to teach himself to enjoy it to the fullest extent."

Sounds logical enough to us...and a word to any untutored dolt who might find Miss Betty Grable in his arms, and the orchestra a-playing. Make for the nearest hot dog stand, Elmer.

The lithe little movie star illustrated her point with this story, which she told us always gave her a laugh. A man who had asked a girl to dance explained apologetically when her slippers began to look sort of smudgy and caved in, "You'll have to excuse me, I'm just a little stiff from polo."

"I don't care," retorted his annoyed partner tartly, "I don't care *where* you're from! I wish you'd get off my feet."

'Nuff said.

ANOTHER sure lead to undesirable character is the too-exuberant dancer, says Miss Grable. Especially if he wants to dance every single dance, but vehemently. He is not interested in anything else, and how dull it would be, she feels, to marry a man whose sole interest is jitterbugging. Not that she doesn't like to jitterbug, and she does a lot of it at the Hollywood canteen and elsewhere—a statement to which we will attest, having been on hand to see. But there was that sailor that night who jittered until she thought she'd never glide onto a dance floor

again without a wheelchair for understudy. He turned out to be the west coast champion.

"Wouldn't you *know*!" she said.

Before we parted, Miss Grable pointed out one or two other types she felt gave their true character away by their ballroom behavior.

"There are the men who can't dance, but do. You know the type. I've observed that, almost without exception, they are more than normally egotistical. They seem to assume that because they choose to dance, that they *know* how goes without saying."

She also mentions the jiggle-jumper. His jiggle has nothing to do with the kind of step he's doing—it's usually just an inferiority complex. More to be pitied than condemned, she thinks, and a good bet for the missionary type of gal who likes to marry 'em and train 'em in.

Finally, there's the big swathe cutter, in the Grable opinion. No matter how little room there is, she says, he has to cover the floor in two swoops. He looks pretty funny on the floor, but the "long-step" variety of man is usually pretty up and coming. On the contrary, the dancer-on-a-dime bores her stiff.

"If I am just to talk to him, or look into his eyes, I'd prefer to be seated comfortably. I think the short-steppers are usually pretty inhibited."

Continued on page 36



George Murphy takes time off from his new picture at R. K. O. Pathe (he's playing with Sinatra and Adolphe Menjou) to tell Lotta his ideas about dancing.



Betty Grable (20 Century Fox) can spot a wolf in white tie and tails when she sees one. She warns against the man who can't keep to the music; but has a good word for the long-stepper, who covers the floor in swoops. He's usually the up-and-coming type and may be your best husband bet, she says.

Fred Astaire of M. G. M. hates exhibitionism on the ballroom floor—and likes to take it easy when off duty, and dance for fun. His dancing is clear-cut and precise — and he believes it's a good character point in a partner.

You Can Tell by the Way



You can often guess the kind of wife or husband your dancing partner would make by the angle of an arm or the turn of a toe. There's a key to character in ball room behavior, and these Hollywood dancing stars tell you why.



HOW does he dance?" Question number three, isn't it, when any new male silhouettes himself against your horizon? First, is he married? Second, what does he do? Third, how's his dancing?

And right here, sisters, you can bank on it, the same kind of arithmetic is going on among the boys in the back room. Whether it's at High, in Varsity, or the office or the store or the canteen.

"Y'ought'a meet Mary. She registers," one man says to another.

If he's young, hale and hearty, he's interested in your terpsichorean ability.

Why?

Because ballroom dancing... as our parents named it in the days of tails and white ties, flowery programs and gloves... is one of the favorite indoor sports in our Canadian way of life. Because it's a highly social and enjoyable form of participation (as opposed to spectator) entertainment; and because, although you may not know you're doing it, you and those young men who whirl or haul you around can judge an awful lot about each other from the way you point your toes, hold your head and respond generally, hot or sweet, to the beat.

Arthur Murray, New York, who's been teaching everything from the schottische to the rumba, lo these 30 years or more, goes so far as to say that you can pick your marriage partner right off the dance floor (if you're a bright girl about that sort of thing) from watching his one-two-three-and-a-slide, or being party to his conversation waltz. Same goes for the stag line, if and where. And he pointed out to me that he didn't mean you could tell it would be a bill-and-coo affair by the dreamlike continuity of your drifting steps. Sometimes it's the guy with the strong right arm and the determined sweep of the floor's outer reaches who's your best bet, if you like a man of breadth and vision. Even if you puff a little keeping up. Mr. Murray just means that there's character in that rhythm, and if you can read the footprints you're learning.

WE DIDN'T take Mr. Murray's word for it. Out in Hollywood we put it squarely to some people who ought to know. Fred Astaire, for instance. An agile individual who is, you will agree, right out of the top drawer and second to not anybody in the dance division. And a Miss Betty Grable, a girl somewhat remarked upon for her lively feet as well as her lovely figure on the silver screen and not, as you can imagine, a one to be found sitting it out when she goes to a party (unless there's moonlight and Mr. Harry James).

We went into the subject with Mr. George Murphy,



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL GILLIES

These Things Don't Happen

BY JESSIE SCOTT

HE PUNCHED the bell once again for good measure, slanting his head to hear if it rang. Then he tried knocking, and when one of those hands, callused, deeply browned, and steel-cabled with muscle, did some hammering, it could be heard even next door.

Then, bent knuckles pressed on hips remarkably trim and hard in his dark blue Navy uniform, he stood considering, with his young grey-blue eyes narrowed. To aid his thought processes, one hand gave a sudden brief scrub across the clipped back of his head—brown hair bleached nearly blond—and tilted forward his small round white hat.

After which—a man of action, a man to make up his mind to do something and then do it—he ran down the steps and strode over two side lawns which separated this house from the one next door. There he crossed the red-tiled porch, where salmon-pink geraniums burst brilliantly out of tubs, and rang the bell.

As if his progress had been observed, it opened at once. He had his mouth open, too, the words all lined up back of his lips. What he actually said, however, was, "Oh—a—er—oh!"

SHE WAS such an extremely pretty girl.

Just the right height, for a starter, not short, not tall. Thin, and not, in the right places. Her dark hair, curling thickly, was pushed back of her ears, and—funny how a tiny comedy touch is a thousand times more engaging than straight perfection—her ears stuck out slightly. This would have given her a pixieish look but for the seriousness of her big dark eyes. She had on a white cotton dress, splashed over with large gay impossible flowers—a vacation-looking dress. He got all this at one glance.

When she saw the effect one glance had on him, her troubled expression altered and she laughed. She had a nice laugh.

He laughed too, and began, "Uh—excuse me—the people next door, you don't know where they are, do you? You see, I'm Neil Harkison. The Nesbitts next door are my aunt and uncle. My ship's in port, and I got leave. But only for a week, so I couldn't go home to my folks. Aunt Frances wrote that they were always home and to come any time. So I didn't wire. I was going to surprise them. You don't happen to know where they are, do you?"

"What a shame! No, I don't, but I'll see if mother does."

She led him through the hall to a gay red-and-white kitchen where an open door to the basement stairs let up the whirr and whoosh of a washing machine. The girl ran down the stairs and the whirr-whoosh stopped. There was a brief exchange; then the girl followed upstairs a woman neat in a tan shirt-maker dress, who—even to the troubled expression in her eyes—was like enough the girl to be as she was, her mother. But her hair, iron grey, was dressed to cover her ears, so he couldn't tell if, like the girl's, they stuck out that amusing trifle.

"Oh, goodness, you don't even know our names! Mother is Mrs. Elliott and I'm Marno Elliott, and mother doesn't know where the Nesbitts are, either."

"We don't know them well because we haven't lived here long; they're awfully nice," said Mrs. Elliott. "Marno, why not see if there's a note on their back porch, or anything?"

The Nesbitt garage was empty, and the people in the house beyond knew nothing. But the rear of the Nesbitt porch revealed one milk bottle holding a note which said, "No milk Saturday. Sunday as usual."

"Sounds as if they'd get back tonight or tomorrow," he decided. "Well—thanks. I'll shove off downtown, to the canteen or something."

"Oh, don't do that," Marno cried impulsively. "Look, it's lunchtime. Come back to our house."

Mother and I would love to have you—that is, unless you'd actually rather go downtown?"

"I wouldn't," he said, and followed back to her house.

SOMEWHAT DOUBTFULLY because she had heard about the good meals in the Navy, Mrs. Elliott asked if Neil liked soup and a salad.

"I like anything that seems like home," he declared. Mrs. Elliott looked at him with approval, and asked, while they ate, about his people. Parents and a couple of kid sisters. He was 23; had been in college when war began, and enlisted at once. He'd been many months at sea.

In turn they told him about Marno's younger brother Bill, 19, in training school in the West. Marno herself, a year out of college, worked in an office, and was just now on her vacation. But Mrs. Elliott somewhat surprisingly said:

"I would like her to join the CWACs or the WRENS, or do something interesting; she doesn't like to go off and leave me alone, but I'd be all right. Office work must be so dull, don't you think?"

What he thought, and it must have showed, was that if Marno belonged to him he wouldn't have dreamed of encouraging her to leave home. His eyes kept returning to Marno with a sort of astonished delight; he simply could not believe his good fortune.

After lunch there was the afternoon to consider. Boldly, he said to Mrs. Elliott, "Do you think I could persuade your daughter to go to a show with me, and maybe dinner afterward?"

Mother and daughter exchanged a swift dark glance. "You'd love to, Marno, wouldn't you?"

But Marno said, "It's so lovely outdoors, why don't we go to the zoo? Would you like that?"

Plainly she didn't want him to spend money on her. But all he said was, "I'd like anything you liked." All inclusively.

"And come back here for dinner," Mrs. Elliott finished. "So that if the Nesbitts should get back, we can ask them too."

The troubled expression had been lifting from Mrs. Elliott's eyes. She waved gaily from the red-tiled flower-edged porch as they left. Neil Harkison, if he had seen the look of reviving hope on her face, wouldn't have known what to make of it. But Marno would.

To get from the Elliotts' part of town to the city park in the hills west of the city you took a bus, a second bus, and finally a streetcar. They chatted easily, telling each other fact stuff, laying down the foundation of a new friendship by trading experiences, things seen and done. But when they got off the streetcar and started uphill toward the park entrance, he could feel the next phase of their acquaintance coming, the exchange of personalities, things they thought, things they felt. He saw it—the new phase—come up over the horizon, with his blue-grey seagoing eyes narrowed, smilingly. He still could not believe his luck, to be walking in this green and peaceful place with this beautiful and friendly girl.

"What kind of office is it you work in?" he asked, for something to ask.

She said, a lawyer's. Something in the way she said it made him glance sharply sidewise.

"Nice place to work?"

"Oh, yes," she said hurriedly. "It's—interesting."

A lot of other people had thought the park would be pleasant, on this clear-gold Saturday afternoon. There were girls with soldiers, girls with sailors, families with baskets, and hordes of kids racing and squealing and playing on the swings of a playground not far from the entrance.

"We ought to have brought Jimmy along. He's the little boy next door," she explained.

"Oh, no, we oughtn't," he contradicted. "I'm getting along fine without Jimmy." She looked surprised.

"Don't you like kids?"

"I do. You can tell a lot about people by the way they act to kids. But I'd rather just be with you."

She looked unhappy. "It's nice," she said in a minute, "that you're going to be at the Nesbitts' next week. We'll fix up some parties. I can introduce you to some awfully nice girls."

"Don't bother. I know one awfully nice girl already." He smiled steadily straight ahead. Her worried look increased.

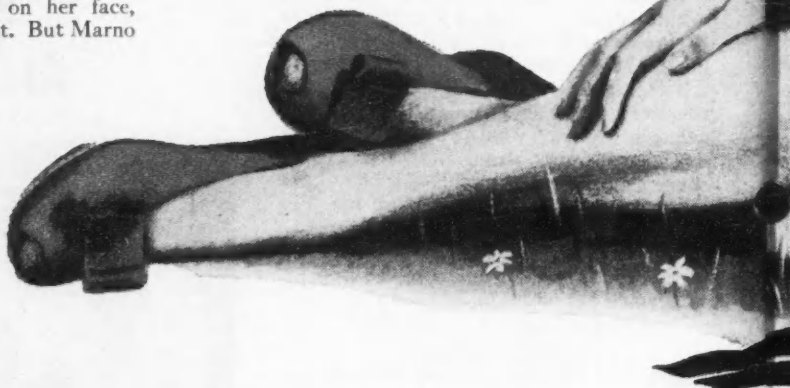
"Gosh, I like that dress you've got on." The dress with the big incredible flowers on a white ground. "But I don't like your hat." A broad-brimmed raspberry-colored straw, pretty. "On account of bad visibility," he explained. "Take it off, won't you?" She laughed, and did so. He looked down at the line of her cheek, the warm-toned clear skin, faintly flushing now.

"Gosh, I must be dreaming," he said in awestruck tones. "This kind of thing doesn't happen, and yet it's happening, and to me."

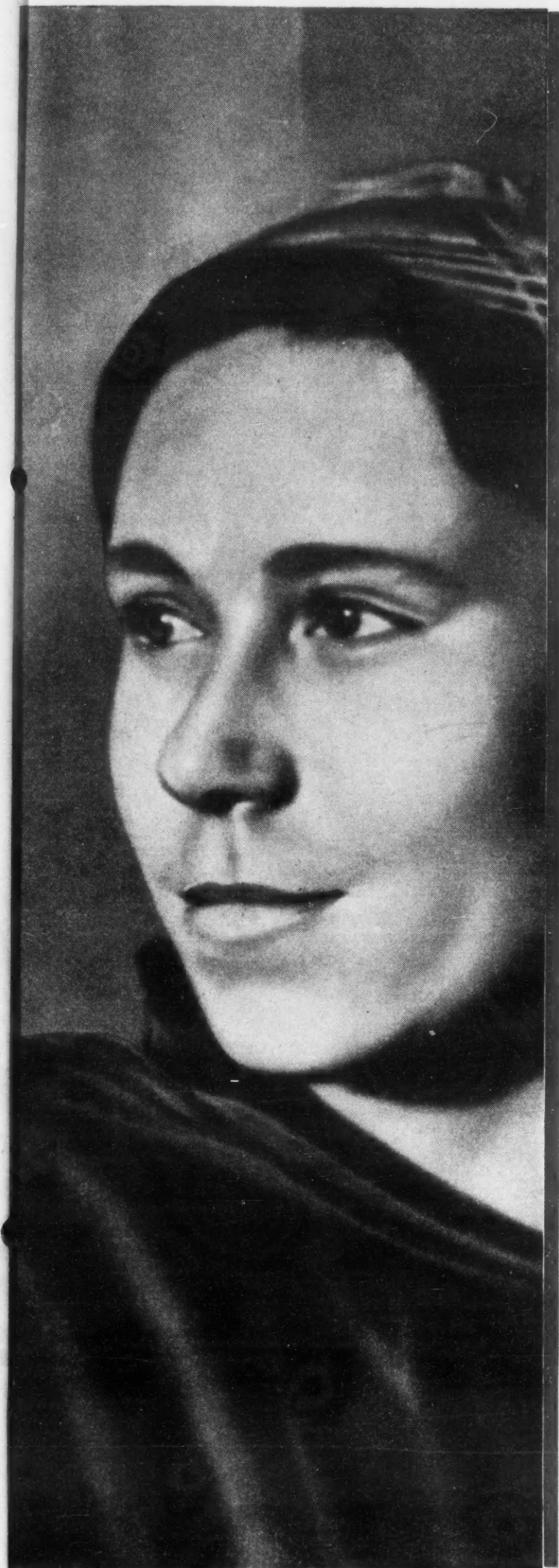
He steered her neatly toward a bench under a tulip poplar, which a soldier and a girl had just vacated. "Thanks, pals," he gestured toward their backs. "And now," he said with vast satisfaction, "I'm sitting beside the prettiest girl I ever saw in all my life."

OF THE several answers she was able to imagine, he took the one she decided upon right out of her mouth and tossed it overboard. "And don't you go asking if that's what I say to all the girls, because it's not. I never said it before to anybody. So!"

"Haven't you got + Continued on page 38



"What I'm driving at is—do you just not happen to like me or are you engaged to some other guy?" "Oh, no," she answered, her voice small and sad, "I'm not engaged to anybody."



Sovfoto.

Our Place By The Lake



YOU GET homesick for Canada," a returned soldier who had spent three years in England said to me recently. "You can't be in England long without beginning to miss the size of your own country."

He had liked the friendly English people and admired the tradition of the tight little island. The trouble was that after a while the island seemed rather too little and too tight to a Canadian who had grown up with a sense of the northern wilderness just beyond his back door. "I'd get to thinking about our place up at the lake, and fishing just after sundown," he said, "with nobody in sight and hardly any sound except a couple of loons cackling off the island . . . You get so you even miss the mosquitoes."

The English friends to whom he confided his nostalgia were sympathetic but uncomprehending. Living in a land where every ell has been measured, allotted and brought under control for centuries, they found it hard to imagine a country with a vast unappropriated wilderness lying just beyond the cities and the cultivated farmlands. They were still more incredulous when he told them that in Canada a place at the lake was regarded as part of the ordinary equipment of living, like a car or an electric refrigerator; and that if you were willing to move a little farther north you could have an island to yourself, the nearest thing in our disputed world to a private kingdom.

"An island all to yourself!" they said. "How big an island?"

"Big as you want," he told them. "We've got plenty of islands, all

sizes. What's funny about owning an island?"

In Canada we take this sort of thing for granted, the outdoors being still one of our large-scale natural resources. If we can't own an island or a place by the lake, we rent one. And if we can't rent we can always take a tent or a trailer and move north, to find ourselves before sundown some place where the land lies immense to every horizon and the vast sky comes down to meet the land. For Canadians there is always an irresistible compulsion in the sheer space and emptiness of the north country, and when spring comes we must, like our Indian predecessors, be on the move. So we go north to meet the black flies and the mosquitoes and the long spring rains, to build fires from the winter driftwood and drag water from the lake in buckets as though the water wheel had never been invented.

Close to the city, to be sure, the summer cottage has been civilized and lake regions which people can still remember as wild camp country have been turned into neat lake suburbs. Your neighbor is at your elbow, the cottages hum with electric appliances and the plumbing has been brought fastidiously indoors. But even here when the last putt-putt has been moored, the last radio program has died down, you can still recapture the sense of a Canadian summer night. The whippoorwills come out, the lake stretches dark and inviolable, there is a flicker of Northern lights at the horizon. Even the crickets have a special native sound, like the flat distant jingle of sleigh bells. ♦ Continued on page 44

by Mary Lowrey Ross

If You Were A Woman In Moscow Today!

By DINA ALDRIDGE

THE first thing about being a woman in Moscow today is that you would have to work harder than you have ever worked in your life before. You'd work harder at your job. You'd work harder in your home. You'd work harder buying your food, getting on the metro, bus or tram. If you had children, you'd work harder feeding them, clothing them and bringing them up. That's the first thing about being a woman in wartime Moscow.

Here, as everywhere else, woman's whole routine has been upset. Husbands, brothers and sons fighting or dead, woman's usual job, expanded into a double time affair, is great and important. There's practically nothing left in Moscow that's remote from the war. No matter what job a woman has, whether it's in a factory or housekeeping or dancing in the ballet, it's pegged to the whole business of war. Russians note this ruthlessly and completely.

The most important women in this town, therefore, are the factory workers, particularly those in armament factories. Most of them eat lunch provided by the factory for a nominal sum.

Today distinctions in women's work are less clear than before. Women do as much heavy work as the men. For instance in a heavy armament factory making bomb casings which I saw outside Moscow, 70% of the staff are women. In a foundry I saw women handling red-hot molten metal; giant cranes suspended over hot furnaces carrying loads of hot metal are worked by women. Women sand bombs in the difficult process of cleaning. These are heavy jobs such as women have always had to do here, but now they are needed more than ever. There doesn't seem to be a shortage of applicants.

For many years precision workers have been propagandized here as the backbone of Soviet industry. Today they're the backbone, along with the Red Army, of the Soviet war effort. Therefore lathists and machine toolists and skilled workers are aggrandized in the press, on the radio and through the cinema. You never pick up a paper here without seeing a picture of a worker who has overfulfilled his allotted output by a large per cent. Most are women.

IF YOU were a woman in Moscow today the inducement to enter such work would be high, the same as it is in other highly industrial countries. The hours wouldn't appeal to you, but that seems to be the least of a Russian woman's worries. The real inducements are the high bread ration, high wages, the advantage of belonging to a factory organization and the direct privileges involved. These far outweigh whatever

distaste there may be about working over hot furnaces and coming home with a black face. The heavy worker, for instance, gets two and a quarter pounds of bread a day.

As a rule you have to be a Stakhanovite to get such a ration. That is, you must produce more work per hour than is considered standard for the job. Undoubtedly the woman factory worker does her best to become a Stakhanovite. All things seem to come to a Stakhanovite. You're respected in the factory; apart from your extra bread ration there are usually bonuses each month or each year, and inevitably Stakhanovites get the best share of these. If, for instance, a factory wins the Red banner which is awarded each month to the best factory in the group, a bonus is awarded to the whole factory. Stakhanovites get a share of this cash amount since they've helped the factory to win it. There are also other privileges such as free theatre tickets, free transport and extra fuel. They all mount up to a fairly comfortable though hard-working life.

The most difficult and heartbreaking thing you'd find about working in a factory in Moscow is that transport facilities are so overcrowded that punctuality is impossible. The result is you've allowed plenty of time for delay, plenty of time for crowded buses, metros and trams to go by. On these cold winter mornings (it's still cold and snowy here) nothing is more uncomfortable. Incidentally, if you were a mother in Moscow, you'd travel in the front cars of the metros reserved for women with children.

There are no specific privileges which make the professions something better than factory work. Medicine, for instance, is considered more specialized and superior from an educational point of view, but doesn't involve privileges on that basis. War made professional women as hard working as factory hands. But the most important profession you could have if you were a woman in Moscow would undoubtedly be medicine. A woman doctor isn't confined to the drudgery of a physician's daily tasks; she has specialized in all kinds of war medicine. The heads of the

Moscow Bacteriological Institute investigating the sulfa drugs, penicillin, etc., are women. At Bodkin Hospital, Moscow, where all the most difficult war wounded are brought, over 50% of the staff are women. This hospital has special doctors who go around the front looking for the most complicated surgical cases which they send back to the hospital. Quite a large number of these cases go to women surgeons.

A little job which involves almost every woman in wartime Moscow is breaking up the ice on pavements. This may not be vital to the war effort, but in Moscow it is essential. Usually special people do it, but since the war any woman can be recruited. This is done by an official asking the chief of an office or a bank who are the women who haven't much to do today. They're taken out, given a crowbar, and told to break up the ice. This work is done in teams and lasts until their district is cleared. The women are honest enough to admit they don't like it very much, but say it with a smile. Only women doing vital war work are exempt from "de-icing."

IN A country where most women do the same jobs as men, housekeeping has always been of secondary importance. Now, when working becomes more a necessity than choice, housekeeping has been pushed completely into the background. In peacetime it was comparatively easy to find women who were willing to look after the house and children while you went to work. Now it is very much more difficult. So that after a day's work a mother has to think of mending her children's clothes, cooking their next day's meal and cleaning the home, which is usually one room.

Moscow is a war city and Moscow's housing is a war situation. It's nothing to find two families in a two-room flat, or have one big flat divided into rooms and a family living in each room. One of the most tedious jobs in a large or small household is laundry. With soap strictly rationed, washing is twice the work it was. Hot water is nonexistent in most houses as a result of fuel saving. This makes washing dishes or laundry a hundred times more difficult. But women do it, and Moscow women look as clean and well laundered as any women I have seen.

There are a number who have mothers or grandmothers who cannot work. If you are fortunate enough to have a grandmother a lot of these tedious housekeeping problems are solved. They can cook, for instance, although this isn't easy either. Moscow kitchens have gas; those that haven't use electric stoves. But this doesn't help much as both gas and electricity are restricted. Women have improvised little homemade stoves in which they burn bits of wood and any other debris, and these seem to do.

Housekeeping isn't popular with the young women. You can see that at the schools. One headmistress told me that out of 3,000 girls who'd come to her after leaving school, none had taken up housekeeping. They're doctors, nurses, lawyers, engineers or mechanics. Most of them are married. But schools now include in the syllabus general housekeeping, cooking, sewing and child care.

Most young married women in Moscow have babies. Babies and more babies. Therefore child care is very important in women's education here. The child is the centre of any Russian home. Children don't have to go to school until they're seven years old. This is no problem though, for babies can be put in creches if the mothers work, and older children can go to kindergartens. The children here are well-dressed—usually so heavily that they walk with their arms at an angle of 45 degrees. Besides the ration allotted them by the State, children receive a snack each day at school of a hot cup of tea and two slices of white bread with either candy or jam.

Every school has a clinic, with a doctor in attendance all the time. This clinic looks after the children and is responsible for their health. The doctor also vaccinates against diseases such as typhoid, typhus, diphtheria, cholera and + Continued on page 41

There's no such thing as "woman's work" in Russia. Inspired by fierce patriotism and bitter hatred of the Germans, women have taken over all jobs, from de-icing streets with crowbars to performing delicate surgical operations. This vivid picture of Russia today was cabled to Chatelaine direct from Moscow

Be Glad

HERE ARE TOD AND MOLLY, TWO YOUNG PEOPLE IN LOVE, SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR SOME FIRM WAY TO ANCHOR THEIR MARRIAGE—WITH SO LITTLE TIME.

By Anne Homer Warner



She couldn't help the tears and Tod said, "Now, now, none of that," and handed her a big handkerchief, and that very afternoon they were married, for there would be only six days for the honeymoon. Six days high in the mountains near a shining crystal lake. And then Tod was shunted off again, and Molly went back to living with her family, and to her job as secretary to Mr. Trent, president of the Wayne Insurance Company.

But the radiance was still there, like a song through every hour of the day. Now she was Mrs. Channing; now she had Tod's ring on her finger. The letters flew

"This sure is something," Tod said, and added with his mouth full, "You're spoiling me, I suppose you know that. Come and get a kiss."

back and forth, and the love was like a fever in her heart. And finally she knew when his next leave was to be, and could start crossing days off on the calendar. And then the last day was crossed off, and Tod was here—right here with her. She had arranged time off from her job, and she had made plans—all the things he liked best to eat, + Continued on page 18

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY

Well Always

MOLLY didn't know when it started to fall flat, when she began to realize that Tod's leave was spoiling everything. Afterward she thought probably it was on the fifth night (that was the way they figured it, of course—ten days and nights of leave, so the fifth would be the halfway mark), and probably it was then that she made the admission to herself, desperately, secretly, not even phrasing the thought in words. She lay beside Tod in the big double bed in the family's guest room and she didn't dare weep, and she wasn't able to think it out, because the whole thing was too ephemeral for that. She and Tod had been married four months now, and they'd been together 11 days of it, and already something was dreadfully wrong.

The funny part was that she'd tried to plan everything so carefully before he came. She'd known he was going to be sent overseas afterward, so it was important to give him a wonderful time. Her mother and father had been very understanding too. They had turned over the guest room because it was big and sunny; and they cheerfully vacated the living room when she and Tod had friends in, or even if they just wanted to be alone.

But she'd known he'd want some gaiety too, of course, so they'd gone to all the old magic places together. All the places where they'd learned to love each other. They'd gone to Jake's snack bar to meet the old crowd, and to the Lake Hotel dancing, and on the second evening there had been a big party for them over at Midge's. And Tod had been sweet and played up, and bought her flowers and told her she was beautiful—but none of it had been quite real, none of it had been any fun at all. And she didn't know why!

It wasn't that the Army had changed Tod. He was just the same, really. And she was just the same, and they still loved each other. And when they went to Jake's they chose their old favorite booth, and Molly's pocketbook slid to the floor and Tod picked it up the way he always had—and all the time they seemed to have nothing to talk about. Tod told her stories about the army camp, and she told him about her job at Wayne's, and then they mentioned this or that friend who had gone into the service, and then they just sat there. Time was slipping away, minutes and hours and days, and they just sat there like a couple of strangers, making conversation. So now Molly couldn't help worrying and wondering about it—she wanted so much to make him happy!—and finally she fell asleep.

That was the fifth night, and the next morning she woke early and remembered that this was the sixth day. In the faint smudged light Tod looked very young, so that seeing him asleep she couldn't bear to think about guns and tanks and submarines, and her heart beat with a heavy frantic urgency. She loved him so! And she wanted to recapture what they had had before—that glowing magic unity, so that they could hold hands in the movies or look into each other's eyes across a restaurant table, and feel a kind of answering oneness. Nowadays they were too cheerful with each other, too polite, and just four months shouldn't have done that!

AFTER A while she slipped out of bed. She went downstairs to the kitchen and made herself a cup of coffee. And she remembered, with a pang of astonishment, the time they had raided the icebox late at night. They had bumped heads making sandwiches, and laughed at first, and then Tod had taken her suddenly into his arms. The kitchen had been hushed with the lateness of the hour, and she had felt the wild beating of his heart, and the gentleness of his hand stroking her hair. And then her mother had come in unexpectedly, and Tod had looked up and said, with great seriousness, "Mrs. Latham, I would like to ask your daughter's hand in marriage." And the laughter and excitement had been like bells ringing in Molly's heart.



Of course they'd been secretly engaged long before that. They'd fallen in love practically at sight, and become engaged a month later; but they didn't tell anyone for three whole months. Tod was still in college (flying through a condensed course before going into the Army) so when they decided to announce it, they had an engagement party at his fraternity house. And what a party that had been! Molly had worn a black velvet dress and Tod's diamond on her finger. She had worn his flowers too (three waxen-white gardenias) and a velvet bow in her hair. And when the boys cut in they said, "What's that Channing guy got that we haven't, the lucky devil!" and almost right away Tod would cut back with some ominous growl about, "Give me back my woman." Everyone sang to them and drank toasts, and after midnight Molly and Tod walked through the snow to the stone steps back of the observatory, so that Tod could take her properly into his arms, and

kiss her properly on her lovely willing mouth. And Molly had felt beautiful and beloved, her dense brown hair caught back from her forehead with the velvet bow, her dark blue eyes wide and shining with happiness.

So that's the way their engagement had been—a bright incredible blur of loving each other more every day. Tod graduated from college in February and was sent almost at once to camp. The letters flew back and forth, and Tod was the first to suggest getting married. "Maybe we could on my next leave," he wrote.

They didn't actually decide by mail, but when he stepped off the train the first day of June they knew right away that that's what they would do. Tod folded her close in his arms, right there in the station and said, "Honey, where's the preacher?" And the radiance was like a song, so that she couldn't think at all, so that she could hardly even breathe.

A SOUP THAT MAKES MEAL-PLANNING EASIER



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Will Pacifism Rise Again?

By Erika Mann

BEING a pacifist means being a friend of peace. Also, by implication, it means being a foe of war. It is hard to imagine any civilized human being who'd declare himself against peace and in favor of war. Indeed, one might just as well picture a person opposed to health and in favor of disease. That, as an individual, I should be dead set against catching pneumonia and that, generally speaking, I am strictly opposed to it is barely worth mentioning. Nor will it surprise you to hear that, theoretically at least, I'd do everything in my power to safeguard myself against it. Practically, I may not always succeed. Through my own fault or that of circumstances, more likely, however, through a combination of the two, I may render myself vulnerable. For some reason or other I may find myself in a rundown condition; having neglected to build up my power of resistance, I may go even farther and underestimate the proximity of the danger. The weather, I may think, cannot possibly be as mean as it seems and anyway a few minutes spent on a windy station platform won't do me any harm, even though I am flushed, exhausted and thinly dressed. Pneumonia, however, thinks otherwise. Pneumonia attacks and the fight is on. Very likely it could have been avoided. Certain preventive measures taken in a composed fighting spirit would have kept it away, whereas my passive aversion to it proved entirely futile. And now that the enemy employs every means to get me down, I'd better not shrink from using radical methods myself. Is he trying to poison me? Very well, then: I will poison him first. There is sulfanilamide for him and there is a nice strong dose of penicillin! Terrible drugs, these, fearful weapons which I had never wished to use. But, then, I had not wanted to get into this struggle in the first place and even now, while it is raging, I am as sternly opposed to it as ever.

THE PROBLEM of pacifism is a burning one in a world at war. The vast majority of all men who are fighting today's battles never wanted to fight. They were pacifists, most of them. Yet their aversion to war did no more to save them than did my disinclination to catch pneumonia to save me from falling ill. Why should this be so? And what, if anything, is wrong with pacifism as such?

As a woman, writing for women, I tend to prefer the more tangible medium of personal experience to that of theoretical discussion. All the more so since my first and decisive experience with our fascist enemy concerned the very issue at stake.

It was in Munich in the spring of 1931. I was very young then and very little interested in "politics," a dreary subject which I felt to be distinctly none of my business. I was an actress and all I wanted to do was to act. So far as I had any political convictions, they were those of a pacifist. Of course they were. That war was something abhorrent, was a truism hardly worth stressing. Still, if people wanted to stress it I did not mind. And when one day I was invited to appear at a pacifist meeting and recite a suitable poem, I quite naturally accepted.

The main speaker, a French woman who was a famous pacifist, addressed the audience in her own language. And while those who had come to hear her were sufficiently familiar with that tongue, certain others were not. There were Nazis present—quite a number of them; their brown shirts made them easily discernible. But even if they'd worn civilian clothes, their faces—dull, bleak and angry—would have given them away. Incapable as they were of grasping the speaker's points, they listened in gloomy silence.

Then it was my turn and I started reciting the poem which I had been given and which, as everyone knew, was not of my making. As an + Continued on page 42

her in his arms and kissed her, at first gently, and then with a kind of desperate urgency that was different from that other time. And that was the end of the sixth day, which left exactly four more before his leave would be over.

The next morning was overcast with a hint of real cold in the air. They did all the usual things: a big breakfast of pancakes and sausage, and then a game of golf at the club, which was almost deserted this time of year. In the afternoon they called on a few friends and stopped at Jake's for a sandwich, and then walked uptown in the waning light. The lamps were already on in the store windows, and they wandered aimlessly, looking at this and that display. And it had been a nice day, Molly thought; nothing was really wrong, except that nothing was quite right either.

She tucked her arm in his. She said hopefully, "It's been a nice day, hasn't it, darling?"

"Sure," he said. "I didn't know they sold electric refrigerators any more."

They were standing in front of the Manning Electrical Company and there were three iceboxes in the window with a sign: Reconditioned Refrigerators, Small Down Payment.

Molly felt slow tears against her eyelids, for no reason at all except that Tod was going away to war, and they could find nothing to talk about except iceboxes! "Just secondhand ones," she said inadequately. "That's what those are."

"They look as good as new," Tod studied the iceboxes with real concentration. "That big one in the corner would be the best buy."

Molly wanted to laugh and she wanted to cry—and she wanted Tod to take her in his arms and hold her close forever and ever. But there he stood, staring at the window display.

It started to rain. A drop fell on Molly's nose and another trickled down the back of her neck. But apparently Tod didn't even know it was raining. "That big one would be the best buy," he said, "because the current wouldn't cost much more, and you'd never be cramped for space."

She knew he was joking. He couldn't seriously want to buy a big out-of-date icebox, when they didn't even know where they were going to live after the war. But somehow she didn't feel like joking, with her new suit getting wetter every minute, and her new suede shoes practically ruined. She tugged at his arm. "Come on, darling, I'm wet and a little tired, and quite a lot hungry."

But Tod didn't even hear her. He just stood there with the rain running right off the end of his nose, and the funniest look on his face. "It wouldn't hurt to price 'em anyway," he said suddenly, and walked right into the store.

MOLLY FOLLOWED, because there wasn't anything else to do. The store was warm and dry at any rate, and brightly lighted. And she had a chance to powder her nose, while Tod was talking to the clerk. And maybe it was nice and whimsical to go around pricing iceboxes three days before you were being shipped overseas. But the clerk might not think it such a good joke.

"Look at this, Molly! Rubber things so you can get the cubes out easier." Tod sounded like Columbus discovering America. There was a kind of glow in his dark eyes too. He put the trays down and began examining the gleaming metal shelves, and the two drawers at the bottom. "They slide in and out

easy enough," he muttered. "You see, honey, there's a place for oranges, and a special one for pop and things like that."

And the most astonishing thing happened when he said that. Because the words made pictures—bright, vigorous ones. Molly cooking breakfast in the morning, squeezing orange juice, and Tod gulping it down, and starting off to the office, with the newspaper under his arm. Pictures of warm summery afternoons, and Tod taking the icy bottles out of the refrigerator when their friends stopped in to call.

And suddenly the glow wasn't only in Tod's eyes; it was in Molly's own heart as well. She had a nice practical cosy feeling, and this electric store seemed a magic place.

The clerk was a greyish older man, with bright brown eyes and a pleasant leisurely manner. He seemed to like having them there, and not to be in a hurry at all. "Of course," he said, "it depends some on how big your kitchen is."

Tod grinned broadly. "How about it, Molly? That's your province."

"Oh, I like a big kitchen," she said at once. "The kind you can eat in if you want to. We might even have an alcove with checked curtains and all."

"Good idea," Tod said, with approval. "We'll have the metal shelves at one end . . ."

"Not metal, wooden ones—the kind you paint yourself!"

Tod groaned. "Metal shelves are much better," he said. "For one thing they keep out the mice."

"All right, Tod," Molly said stubbornly. "You can arrange about the shelves, but I shall pick out the curtains and the stove too. After all, you said yourself that was my province."

Tod frowned thoughtfully. "If we have a big kitchen and an alcove we probably won't need a dining room."

"That's what I think too. A good-sized living room and no dining room."

"My idea exactly."

Their eyes met in blissful agreement. And then they both turned and looked at the icebox. There it stood, big and gleaming and very practical. A good investment, a magnificent start for their home.

"Oh, darling, we simply must buy it," Molly said.

"Right you are," Tod asked the price. It sounded like a lot, but he said at once, "I have enough saved for the down payment, and we can take the installments out of my Army allotment."

And somehow that seemed to them both like the most sensible plan in the world. Tod ran his big roughened soldier's hand over the gleaming enamel top, and Molly knelt to examine the shelves and the spacing. And she thought confusedly, "This was what was wrong with us all the time. We had missed the married part of being married and were trying to hang on to the engagement and the honeymoon part. We were living over the past because we didn't have any future, nothing to plan . . ."

Nothing to plan.

TOD SAT down at the broad desk and wrote a cheque and signed documents. He looked very serious and responsible—and all the time she had been trying to think up parties for him and gay things to do, when this was what he really wanted!

"Have it sent over in the morning," he decided at last. And then he asked in sudden anxiety, "Molly, have we any place to keep it?"

✦ Continued on page 44

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GET THE CLEANSER USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER

We'll Always Be Glad :: Continued from page 15

all the things he liked best to do.

BUT FOR some reason that she couldn't fathom, the plans were falling flat. At night it was all right. When Tod held her close in his arms in the darkness, then she could almost forget that the day before had been a failure. That there had been a feeling of strain, a kind of uneasy gaiety that nothing seemed quite to dispel. It couldn't be that the separation was coming between them—it simply couldn't be that!

But now there was a kind of bewilderment in her heart—and a fierce determination too. They had so little time, and the next separation would be so long that they never mentioned it at all, and maybe after all she was just imagining things, expecting too much from these precious ten days together.

Angrily Molly wiped away her tears, and rinsed out her coffee cup, and went upstairs to her room. She put on her prettiest new dress, red and white print with big buttons; she brightened her lips and brushed her hair into soft darkly shining waves. Then she went down to the kitchen again.

This time she really went to work. She made a fresh pot of coffee. She made corn bread and scrambled eggs and bacon and toast and a huge glass of orange juice, and arranged it all on a tray. Her mother came down while she was working, and watched her, with gentle amusement in her eyes. "There's something about cooking for the one and only, isn't there, darling?" she said.

"There sure is!" Molly admitted gaily. She knew that no one guessed that everything wasn't absolutely perfect between herself and Tod. They put on a good act. They held hands at the table, and whispered and laughed together. It was only when they were alone that the strain fell between them, the sense of something lacking, so that your heart ached from wondering just what it was and where it had gone.

She added cigarettes and matches and an ash tray, and a second cup for herself, and carried it all up to Tod. He was awake, and when he saw her he sat up and said, "Lady, what service!"

He was wearing the blue-striped pyjamas she had bought him for a present. (How married she had felt, going into Cramer's and buying pyjamas for her husband!) And somehow he looked very young with his dark hair rumpled like that, and his fine dark eyes a little sombre from so much sleeping. "This sure is something," he said, and added, with his mouth full, "You're spoiling me, I suppose you know that. Come here and get a kiss."

Molly got a kiss, three of them in fact. Then she poured them each a cup of coffee, and went and perched on the windowseat and lit a cigarette. And it was all great fun and very cozy, and her imagination had been running away with her.

"In that dress you look like a cover girl," Tod said. He sounded jolly, as though he were saying lines out of a book. And she looked at him and saw

that he really wasn't happy, in spite of all the cheeriness, or perhaps because of it. And right then the day started to go flat again.

She said, "What would you like to do today? Anything special?"

"Nope. You decide. As long as it isn't too much trouble for your family."

Trouble! How could you protest, how could you ever explain? The phone rang and Molly went to answer it. She arranged a game of tennis, and then she called the Blakes, and arranged to go dancing at the hotel. Then she came back and perched on the windowsill, and lit another cigarette.

Tod grinned and lit one too. "Breakfast in bed, and a beautiful wife—what more could a man ask for?" he said.

And Molly didn't know.

AFTER THAT the hours flew past, and they did all the things they'd had such fun doing together when they first knew each other, and when they were engaged, and falling farther in love with every minute. After lunch they had a rousing game of tennis in the crisp September air; and that night they went dancing at the hotel with the Blakes.

Molly wore a short black evening dress, with black velvet banding the hem and the elbow-length sleeves. The dress made her look very grown up, but somehow young and vulnerable too. Tod said, "That sure is a slick dress!" After he'd kissed her she rubbed the lipstick off his chin, and then he kissed her again. "You're—you're simply beautiful, Molly," he said, a little unsteadily. But the

worried look was still in his eyes—a kind of hurt uneasiness, a questioning.

The Blakes were newly married, too, and Jack Blake was in the service, so the four young people had a lot in common. They laughed and were very gay, and the orchestra played all their favorite tunes. Tod had one duty dance with Thelma Blake, but the rest of the time he danced with Molly. The orchestra played all the tunes that had made their hearts race in the months that had passed and Tod said, "There's not a girl here who could hold a candle to you, Molly." And Molly said, "I'm pretty proud of you, too." And the hours flew past, and none of it seemed quite real.

But what could you do? You couldn't say, "Tod, what's the matter with us? Why do we have to play up to each other and make pretty speeches that sound like a victrola record that's got stuck in a groove?" You couldn't say things like that when the words might echo down through the years.

And Molly thought in despair that perhaps their trouble was time. They didn't have enough time, so they had to be careful—too careful and sparkling and gay.

It was after one when they reached home and raided the icebox the way they had that famous night when they'd bumped heads. Molly said, "Do you remember the time we bumped heads, and mother came in?"

And Tod said, "I sure do," and took

CONVALESCENCE

By HELEN BALL



Is this a dress rehearsal of old age,
 This lethargy that liquefies the spine
 And subjugates ambition to a stage
 Of quiet acquiescence? What divine
 Scientist has cultured, unawares,
 This nothingness that neither wants
 nor cares,
 Yet vaguely feels the healing of the sun
 And dimly knows that summer has
 begun.



Will Maids Come Back?



HOW can the job of being a maid compete on equal terms with jobs in factories, offices and shops? During the war there's been a mass movement of women into industry, and for those who were formerly employed as maids, the change, in most cases, has been very much for the better as regards pay, working hours and the feeling of self-respect. These women, who've had a taste of a new way of life, won't willingly return to the long hours, the comparatively low wages and sometimes the uncongenial surroundings of the average "cook general."

The re-establishment of women will be

almost as important a problem as the re-establishment of returned soldiers. When war ends there will be four and a half million Canadians seeking jobs. Our returned men will naturally have priority — which means that a vast number of women may be forced back into domestic service in order to earn a living. Unless drastic changes are made, they will be most unhappy. If, however, we're able to put domestic work on the same plane as industrial work, this problem will be solved.

How can this be achieved? Chatelaine brings you a variety of ideas and suggestions. — The Editors.

"A maid's position will have to be moved up a few notches . . . looked upon as inferior for years . . ."

MISS Jean Forbes has been a maid for seven and a half years, a practical nurse for three years and has done factory work for short periods:

"I believe women will return to domestic service after the war if there is an entirely new set of rules and regulations for maids. The present ones are antique. We are living in a modern age, and a maid's position will have to be moved up a few notches. An efficient and conscientious maid is an important person and an asset to her employer. She keeps the house clean and orderly, cooks nourishing and appetizing meals. Maids have been looked upon as inferior humans for years. Why should anyone who is earning a decent and honest living feel inferior to his or her employer? Isn't this war teaching us to co-operate and work together? Factory work has taught girls the advantages of shorter hours and higher wages, independence and a more or less rough and ready attitude toward their boss where they feel in a position to hold their own.

"Personally I enjoy cooking, which is an art in itself, and knowing how to run a house, take care of children—these are things which every real woman should know. Here are some of the things which girls in domestic service would like to see happen.

"(1) A half day off each week which begins at 1 p.m. (not 2 or 3 p.m. as is often the case). (2) Every Sunday free from Saturday night to Monday morning—like other workers in offices and factories. (3) Being allowed to use the front door, not being asked to plod around to the back. (4) Being permitted to have callers, even if they are boy friends, during evenings at home. (5) Wear a more attractive-looking uniform. How can anyone cook and wash dishes in a long-sleeved dress with starched cuffs? (6) Given a room which has sufficient heating to be comfortable. Many times when I have called on a friend in domestic service, to spend the evening with her, we have been forced to sit with our winter coats on because her room was so chilly and uncomfortable. (7) Being treated as an equal by employers with a recognized right to have a life and interests outside the domestic sphere."

"Thousands of Canadian women . . . have discovered they possess skill and talent hitherto undreamed of . . ."



Senator Iva C. Fallis:

"Thousands of Canadian women who answered the call of their country and left domestic service to help win the war in the industrial arena have discovered that they possess skill and talent hitherto undreamed of. After the war a small percentage will return to the quiet of their former occupations. The majority will prefer work outside the home because of more independent life, higher wages and greater opportunities for advancement. I suggest vocational training for girls entering domestic service—trainees taught to have pride in their chosen vocation and inspired to make a success of it. Then wages paid commensurate with training skill and experience as in other walks of life."



Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, wife of the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, and chairman of the James Reconstruction subcommittee which was formed to study

and report, among other things, on postwar problems of women:

"Women who have gone from household work into war work will not go back unless under extreme pressure of unemployment or unless the conditions of this work are reformed. The objection is not to the work itself but to conditions surrounding it. It needs to be put on the basis of skilled trade through standards of training and conditions and the improvements of the employer-employee relationship. The conception of 'employee' must be substituted for that of 'servant.' Since women are almost entirely the employers they have it in their own hands to make necessary reforms, if they are willing to do it. Report Committee on postwar problems of women suggests a plan which would serve as a beginning. Except in wartime this work employs the largest number of women gainfully employed. Its reform into an attractive skilled occupation is urgent if we are to have full employment in Canada."



"Women will accept household employment only when other available avenues are closed . . ."

Mrs. Rex Eaton, Director of the Women's Division of National Selective Service:

"In times of peace as well as war women will accept household employment only when other available avenues are closed, except in those cases where they are unsuited to other work or when, as fortunately happens in many instances, household employment provides a fair standard of wages, reasonable hours of work, pleasant relations between employer and employee.

"Household work is a splendid occupation for women,



~ Frigate H. M. C. S. Swansea ~

Frigates, Canada's newest and deadliest weapons for destroying U-boats, rank midway between corvettes and destroyers for speed, armament and manoeuvrability—over 300 feet long, tonnage 1445, complement about 120 including six or seven officers.

Painted by Gordon Grant for the makers of PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

war which will eventually help me and my family. But I'm living for the day when I can go back into my own home! I won't have to earn my living after the war, but if I did it would probably be domestic service I'd choose as my means of livelihood. Perhaps I've just been lucky but my experiences as a worker in other people's homes have always been pleasant and happy."

"I worked for a number of persons . . . some were kind, others worked me too hard . . ."

Mrs. Mary O'Connell, born in Yarmouth, N.S., is a widow and the mother of 10 children. Before the war she worked as a charwoman, but is now employed in a shipyard and is "just in love with the work."

"My main complaint against pre-war domestic service is the difference in employers. I believe some sort of standard should be set for wages and working hours and provision made for overtime pay. I worked for a number of persons and while some were kind, others worked me too hard and too long. The pay was always too low."

"No one is satisfied any more to be a servant to another . . ."

Mrs. Harvey Agnew, President of the National Council YWCA:

"Girls will probably go back to housework after the war, but only as a last resort. Drastic changes must take place

to restore the prestige of housework. No one is satisfied any more to be a servant to another: on the other hand assistance with housework is essential in many homes. Housewives can do much to solve their own problems by treating their employees as assistants with carefully regulated working conditions rather than as servants. The Government could help solve a huge employment problem by providing training in housework, in the schools and in special institutions. Girls, naturally fond of housework, could be induced to take up this vocation when their personal dignity and standing in the community are upheld by social recognition."

"We will have to exert ourselves if we want them to stay . . ."

Mrs. Allan Preston, Montreal, who is the mother of three children, and knows how necessary it is to have assistance in housework and child care:

"I believe girls will be willing to try domestic employment after the war, but we will certainly have to exert ourselves if we want them to stay. Training schools for maids would tend to raise the status of domestic employment and give it added value. Proper working conditions, reasonable working hours and time off are essential and must be scrupulously observed by the employers, (the term 'employer' should be substituted for 'mistress')."

"In homes where there are small children the long hours must be balanced by more time off and a more just division of the work and responsibility."

Wrong Guy :: Continued from page 5

Richard and Hildy watched him go down the street, his step springy for all his weight.

"He's pretty swell," Richard said. "I don't think I've ever known him to do a mean thing, or even seen him out of sorts."

Hildy pushed her glass of lemonade away. She felt suddenly tired all through, as though she were an old woman. "Why should he be out of sorts? He has everything he wants. Everybody's on his side."

She felt Richard looking at her, but she kept her head bent, watching her fingers make patterns on the glass table top. That was nothing to say to Richard. He was the kind of correct young man who believed in respecting people just because they were older, or because they were your parents. She had felt the same way once herself, but Stub had taught her how few people really had any right to that blind respect.

"Sure they're honest," he'd say, "and good and kind and all that. What can they lose? They've got everything. It's easy to be a great guy when you've got everything."

It wasn't easy for Stub. People were against him. They always had been, from the time he'd been expelled, in the town where he was born. And here in Westbury, where he was a stranger, one of the warworkers who had overrun the town, it was even worse. He was on the wrong side of the fence, and people like her father wouldn't let him climb over. They kicked him out of the house—out of everything.

"I've been waiting for you all afternoon, Hildy," Richard repeated finally. "I wanted to tell you something." He hesitated a minute, and then went on. "I guess you wouldn't want to hear it.

You're still thinking about Sam Stubbins, aren't you?"

She looked up at that, meeting his eyes, daring him to speak against Stub. "I love Sam Stubbins," she said. "I've always loved him."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"Yes. Some day I am." She slung back her head, and the dark curls fell away from her face. "Some day he'll be somebody." Her voice turned bitter. "If people give him a chance, he will."

Richard looked puzzled. "Everybody has a chance here. This is—"

"Yes, I know what you're going to say," she broke in. "This is Canada. This is democracy. Did you ever look at this little town of ours? People like us—the 'haves'—and people like Sam Stubbins—the 'have-nots.' We get all the chances—everything—and we don't even reach out a hand to Stub's kind. We think his kind, the 'have-nots'—we think they're dirt. What kind of a chance do they ever get?"

Richard seemed to be considering. He was like that—slow, deliberate, as though the most casual comment required caution.

"He has certainly sold you a bill of goods," he said then.

"Stub hasn't sold me anything," she retorted angrily. "On the contrary. He's always trying to persuade me to forget him—that he's not good enough for me."

"No more he is. It's a credit to him that he recognizes it." Richard pulled in his long legs and stood up. He came close to Hildy. "You know I've always thought I was a pretty lucky guy, but right now I wish there were something wrong with me—something a little shady, maybe—so you could—"

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WON'T YO' MARRY UP WIF ME, LI'L ABNER?—AH C'D MAKE YO' SO HAPPY!!

AH'S HAPPY 'NUFF NOW LONG AS AH GITS PLENTY O' THIS SMOOTH-TASTIN' CREAM OF WHEAT

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Stomach-ache or Appendicitis?

—it's not for you to say



DON'T DO THIS: If you have an unusual abdominal pain—don't take laxatives or home remedies; take no food or liquids, except water.

Forego your usual daily business. Don't rub the spot that hurts, or apply an ice bag or hot-water bag.

WHY NOT? Your appendix may be inflamed. Food or laxatives might rupture the appendix and spread infection—the

cause of most deaths in appendicitis. These complications are four times as frequent among those who have taken laxatives.

Moreover, physical exertion or massaging may be dangerous if the appendix is inflamed. Complete rest may help prevent serious complications. Heat or cold might kill the pain and give you the mistaken idea that the attack has passed.



DO THIS: If the pain is a puzzling and persistent one, if it's accompanied by nausea or vomiting, call a doctor and rest in bed until he comes.

WHY? Only a doctor is qualified to say whether you have appendicitis. He may want to take one or more blood-cell counts, watch your temperature, and wait for pain to localize. Chances are it isn't appendicitis. If it is, and the doctor

advises an operation, quick action may save life, time, and money.

Prompt attention, together with the recent advances in medical science, have reduced by half the deaths from appendicitis in the past few years.

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providing an extensive opportunity for employment. The greatest hope for its use as a medium of readjustment to postwar employment is the keen desire of many women all over Canada to bring about the necessary improvements. Training, certificates of skill, hours, wages and beneficial legislation are all to be adjusted or promoted, but the results will be worth while for both employer and employee."

"There's a lot wrong with it . . . but it's still more interesting than an industrial job . . ."

Agnes Podbielancik, 25-year-old Canadian-born Slovak and a plater's helper at Burrard Dry Dock, Vancouver, B.C., is glad she's doing war work at the moment, but she'll also be glad to go back to housework when peace comes. "There's a lot wrong with it," she admits, "but as far as I'm concerned it's still more interesting than an industrial job. In most plants (except in shipyards) you do one thing and it gets monotonous. In a home you do many things and get variety."

A good domestic, Agnes Pod. believes, can keep a household running on smooth wheels and that's a very important job. "One of the troubles," she says, "is that employers don't have enough respect for housework. But I'll also tell you this—it isn't all the employers' fault. If mistresses look down their noses at domestics—and many of them do—it's partly because those domestics don't do their work in a way that demands respect. The head of a house has problems too, and if a girl is co-operative with the person she works for, she'll get co-operation in return."

Agnes is of the firm opinion that if housework were put on a scientific and businesslike basis; if the girls would take domestic science courses before they go into homes just as they take business courses before they go into offices or a welding course before they become welders; if employers would co-operate on an eight-hour day and better wages, domestics would be happier in their jobs and Canadian home life would be the better for it.

"A union which would equalize wages and control the number of hours domestics work . . ."

Mrs. Bertha Roche worked as a domestic in Halifax homes for 10 years, but since completing a course at the Nova Scotia Technical College, has worked as welder at the Halifax shipyards:

"Half the people who can afford to pay domestics good wages try to get off with paying as little as possible. If wages were raised after the war, probably more girls would become domestics. A union which would equalize wages and control the number of hours domestics work would be a good idea. As things are now, hours and wages are very good in some places and very poor in others, depending on the type of employer."

"No woman ought to be expected to be a combination cook-housemaid-nurse and laundress . . ."

Mrs. Douglas Ridout, Toronto hostess and clubwoman, gives her solution for the domestic employer-employee relationship. And, Mrs. Ridout should

know what's she's talking about—she's had a maid all during the war:

"I have no idea if women will return to domestic service after the war. I imagine the economic situation will force them to, it being one occupation where the demand is always greater than the supply. I have always felt that the reason for the 'maid problem' is the fault of the employer, a great deal of it simply bad management! No one woman ought to be expected to be a combination of cook, housemaid, nurse and laundress. I feel in a household with young children the maid should not have to have them under her feet when she is preparing a meal; that would sour the sweetest disposition. Also they should have plenty of time off and not be asked to change their days. Meals should be on time and bought in time to be prepared, not at the last moment. And everyone should have a comfortable bedroom with a good bed and enough light to read in it. I feel that the work should be arranged and then leave them alone to do it and don't run behind them to see if it is done; after all most people like to be given the credit of having some brains. And lastly there is no such thing as a perfect maid any more than there is a perfect mistress; after all we are all human!"

"My first thought . . . a neat 8-hour working day . . . a feeling of equality and friendliness . . ."

Rose Martello, 22 years old and a Canadian, is a pipe-lagger at Burrard Dry Dock, Vancouver, B.C. She'd think twice before she'd go back into domestic service of which she's had plenty in Wells, B.C., before going to the shipyard. "My first thought," she declares, "if I should consider going back as a houseworker, would be for the neat eight-hour industrial working day, the set amount of work you know you have to do and the swell feeling of equality and friendliness you have with the people you work with. My second thought would be a dread of the never-ending chores of a household day, all the extra little things that you're expected to do and that uncomfortable feeling on the part of yourself and others in the house that you're just a maid. I'd think a lot about all this, and then I suppose I'd go back to being 'just a maid.' I can't explain it but there's something about working in a home, whether it's your own or somebody else's, that appeals to me. Most of the girls I know who have done that kind of work feel the same way about it."

"Women don't go into homes as maids because they're too dumb to do anything else . . ."

"Women don't go into homes as maids or generals just because they're too dumb to do anything else—though lots of people, especially women, like to think so. They choose it by instinct, because it's the natural work for them to do." This is the opinion of May Davidson, 32-year-old electrician's helper at Burrard Dry Dock, Vancouver, B.C. "It's just as natural for grown-up women to choose to keep house as it is for little girls to choose to play with dolls."

Mrs. Davidson, a "general" before she was married, knows most angles of both household and industrial workaday life. "I'm working in a shipyard now as an electrician's helper, and liking it because I feel I'm helping to win the



BEAUTY CULTURE

Your Place in the Sun

BY ADELE WHITE

YOU may not be lucky enough, these hard-working days, to spend holidays lying on a beach with the waves washing over your face, like our gal in the picture. But don't let that keep you from getting your full share of health-giving vitamins from old man Sol. Whether it shines down on a sandy beach or on your own back yard, it's the same old sun, all set to give you that golden tanned look, which is so super in summertime. So, take your place in the sun — small doses at first, then gradually work up to the full treatment.



*Giving all your time
all the time?*

**Tangee's Satin-Finish Lipsticks
will keep you Lovely, Longer!**



A recent portrait of CONSTANCE
LUFT HUHN by Maria de Kammerer

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

With wartime duties and your regular activities monopolizing more and more of your energy, it's no wonder that you are eager for any suggestion that will save you both TIME and WORRY. Here is such a suggestion: choose your next lipstick from among Tangee's Satin-Finish "quartet"... Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red,

Tangee Medium-Red, Tangee Natural.

Whichever shade you choose, the gorgeous color will have a depth of tone, a softness of texture you've never known before. Thanks to Tangee's Satin-Finish your lips will stay lovelier... longer! Yes, a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will save you all-important TIME by keeping your lips exquisitely groomed—despite the weather or lip-biting nervous tension.

And it will end your make-up WORRIES as well... especially if used together with the matching Tangee rouge and the new TANGEE PETAL-FINISH Face Powder!

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with the new Satin-Finish
TANGEE Face Powder
with the new Petal-Finish

EVERY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE YOU BUY SHORTENS THE WAR!

"That isn't funny, Richard," she broke in coldly.

"I don't mean to be funny." He smiled faintly, ruefully, and for a moment she warmed to him. He was over six feet tall, but as he looked at her now and spoke, there was something oddly defenseless about him. "I've loved you such a long time, Hildy. Since you were in sixth grade."

She put her hand on his arm. "I guess you'd better go now, Richard."

SHE WAS restless after he had left. When the wrong man tells a woman he loves her, it only stirs her longing to hear it from the right one—especially when she is haunted by the dread that she may never hear it from him again.

Hildy had heard it from Stub just once—way back in the beginning. It was a few days after he had walked home with her that first time. She hadn't been able to get him out of her mind, and one evening she'd gone down to the corner where she knew he'd be—not caring that the other loungers might know why she had come—not caring about anything but seeing him again.

He walked along with her once more, answering her in monosyllables the way he had the time before, his head thrust forward, his hands tight bulges in his pockets, his whole attitude one of angry reluctance.

And it seemed to Hildy that she would die if she couldn't make him glad to be with her. Nothing else seemed important—no pride, nor anything she had ever believed or been taught—only this dark intense boy who was said to be no good.

"Stub—" she began gently. "Stub, don't you like me?"

He said nothing for a moment, only laughed in a peculiar way. "Sure," he said then. "Sure I like you." But he did not look at her or change his pace, and she could think of nothing to do or say next.

They walked on in silence, leaving the town behind, crossing the dark still fields that had the smell of freshly turned earth. Always that cool sweet smell would make Hildy think of Stub—all her life.

He stopped dead, there in the fields, and gripped her arms. He brought his pale face close to hers, and although his words were in the language of tenderness, his voice was filled with angry amazement.

"I've been thinking about you all the time. I've never stopped. I couldn't stop." He pulled her to him and kissed her fiercely. "I love you," he whispered. "What do you know about that? I love you."

"I love you too, Stub."

They sat down on the grass and he went on kissing her. Her heart began to beat so that it seemed to be not only in her chest but a heavy pounding throughout her body. She was, for a moment, wildly happy—and then she was suddenly afraid. He would not let her go at once, but finally she pulled away from him and stood up, and he sat there looking at her, his face different from any way she had ever seen it before or since—clean and gentle and wiped clean, as though nothing wrong or bitter had ever stirred in him.

Presently he stood too, bits of matted grass clinging to the knees of his shiny, worn trousers. He looked away from her and asked, "What do girls like you generally do when you love a guy?"

"Why—marry him."

"That's right. I forgot how easy it is for your kind." He whirled on her

◆ Continued on page 30



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON. At stores which sell toilet goods

35¢ for 5 rinses
15¢ for 2 rinses



**YOUNG WIVES NEED
NOT BE EMBARRASSED
CONCERNING THIS
INTIMATE PROBLEM**

Each year thousands of timid young women, who never have been told certain facts, enter marriage completely uninformed. In this dilemma, what is the young wife to do? Because of natural shyness or lack of confidence in the knowledge of friends, she hesitates to seek the advice of others. Too often she either places her dependence on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures; or resorts to over-strong solutions of acids for the douche which can actually burn, scar and even desensitize delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Science has given womankind a safe—yet amazingly powerful liquid for the douche, Zonite. So powerful is Zonite, that it kills immediately all germs and bacteria with which it comes in contact. Deodorizes—by actually destroying odors, leaving no tell-tale odor of its own. Protects personal daintiness. Yet! Zonite is non-caustic, non-poisonous, safe for delicate tissues. Over 20,000,000 bottles already bought. For modern hygienic protection you may never have known before, get Zonite at your druggist today.

Free Booklet Tells Intimate Facts Every Young Wife Should Know

✂ **FREE:** Frankly written booklet, "Feminine Hygiene today"—mailed free post-paid in plain envelope. Send coupon to ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION LIMITED, Dept. C-6, Ste-Thérèse, Que.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....

DON'T



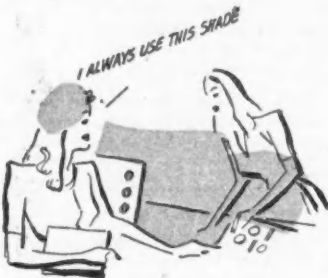
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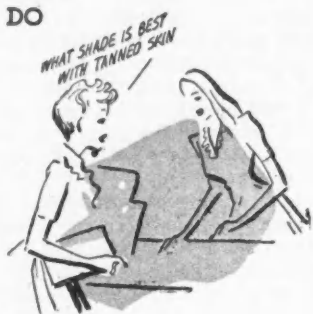
The Wind and the Sun in Your Hair

Hair, as well as face, can take an awful beating from the sun's rays unless it's specially protected. If you're lucky enough to know some old swimming 'ole where you can dunk the body, as well as sunbathe, your hair will probably get a good soaking each day. The advice of hair experts is to wear a bandanna when you're exposed to the sun and purchase a special oil to rub on the ends of your hair at nights to counteract burning and dryness. Constant brushing and shampooing will guard against the acid condition brought about by the increased activity of the sweat glands of your scalp.

DON'T

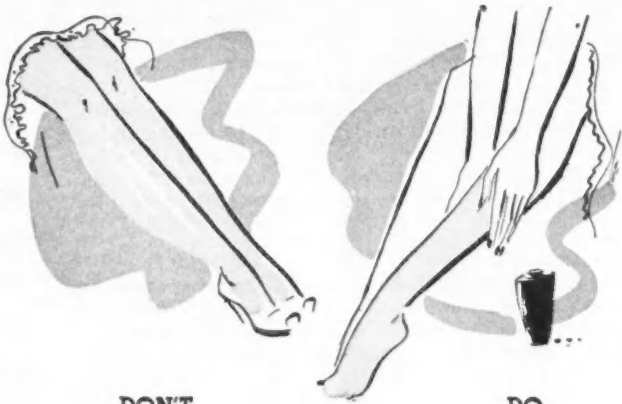


DO



Change to Summer Makeup

We know that conservation of cosmetics is part of wartime living—you try to get by on bare essentials. But one of the essentials is a foundation base and face powder that match your skin tones. In winter you probably wear a peachy cream or pinkish shade to go with your lily white skin, but when you acquire a golden tan, this makeup is apt to give you a painted clown look. You should change to foundation and powder which is dark beige and lipstick, rouge and nail polish which are clear, bright red with no blue undertone, and green rather than blue eye shadow.



DON'T

DO

Leg Art

Huckleberry Finn can wear it but not you—that bare-legged look when legs are worn completely *au naturel*. To go without stockings you really must have legs marble-smooth and golden brown. As it seems to take an awful lot of sun to tan legs, you can give Ma Nature a helping hand by using leg dye, so you'll avoid that white, anaemic look so unbecoming to summer legs. But first of all learn the simple art of leg makeup. Your leg dye will probably come in liquid form, so pour a little of it into the palms of your hands and, with upward strokes, smooth it on. Never go over your work once it's done and be sure not to brush against anything until your legs are thoroughly dry—otherwise you'll get a patchy mottled effect which would do credit to a ship in full camouflage.

1016 home tests prove you may have softer, smoother skin—in just 14 days!

DOCTORS AND WOMEN PROVE YOUR SKIN MAY REGAIN YOUTHFUL ELASTICITY



How often a woman wishes . . . that her face looked as young as her shoulders. Compare *your* shoulders with *your* face. Isn't it true they look years younger? You see, shoulders stay smooth, soft, elastic—while faces have pores clogged with make-up, unable to breathe for hours at a time. And when pores can't breathe, skin becomes wrinkled and prematurely aged. But this needn't happen to *your* complexion. Palmolive offers an easy, proven way to keep it young and lovely.



You can look younger in 14 days! Each time you wash, with a face cloth, massage warm, rich, vitalizing Palmolive lather thoroughly into your skin for . . . one full minute. Now, a quick rinse and pat dry. Remember, it takes *only a minute*, but it's that 60-second massage with Palmolive's gentle lather that activates your skin's circulation, clears the pores and lets them breathe. Oily or dry skin becomes elastic . . . young again.

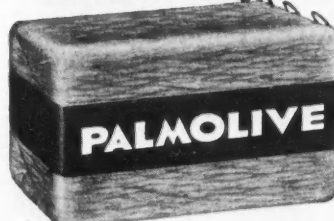


In 14 days have lovelier complexion.

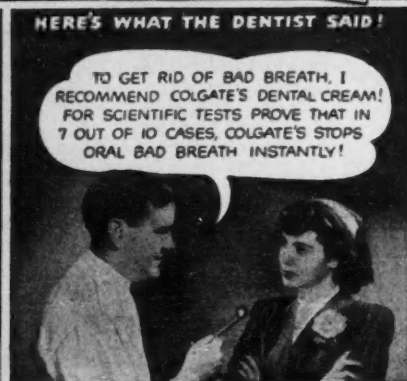
Palmolive offers you believable proof! Palmolive's 60-second Beauty Massage has been scientifically tested on 1285 women by 36 doctors. And 1016 Canadian women have tested it in their own homes. Their reports prove conclusively that . . .

Try it yourself for two weeks—starting today. Let gentle Palmolive make your skin as soft and young-looking as your shoulders.

NEW IMPROVED



KEEP THAT LOVELY SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION..



COLGATE'S NYLON TOOTHBRUSH SPECIAL VALUE
CLEANS THOSE "HARD-TO-GET-AT" PLACES
COLGATE NYLON BRISTLES CAN'T GET SOGGY **29c**

The Sun on Your Side

It's a fine idea to have the sun on your side, know how to handle it so it's with you rather than against you. And here's what we mean by against you—ever notice one of those so-called "sensible" femmes, who takes the sun in her stride, refusing to use protective oils or sun lotions? Year by year her face gets a leathery weather-beaten look—highly unattractive, we think. She may look fine in the shade, but when the sun shines full on her face, every wrinkle stands out and each season brings out a new crop of lines. She looks her age—and then some!

That's the gloomy side of the picture. The bright side is the healthy glow a tanned skin brings you if you go about it the right way. After the long dreary months of winter you'll need every bit of fresh air and sunlight you can crowd into three short months. Like most of us, perhaps an honest-to-goodness holiday 'mid lakes and pine trees is just a dream to be tucked away for future use—but don't let that do you out of summer fun. Make your own summer resort—any strip of green grass on the sunny side of the house will pinch hit for a sandy beach this year.

DON'T



DO



Is Her Face Red

Don't be a Silly Milly and rush out to meet the sun, with more enthusiasm than good sense—unless you yearn to look like a scarlet runner in full bloom. It's best to time your sunbath, just a few minutes each day, and then move head and shoulders into the shade—a gaily colored umbrella, on the side lines, is useful, but let your legs stay out in the sun: Always arm yourself with a bottle of sun protective lotion which at regular intervals you rub on all exposed parts, so you'll tan evenly, comfortably and beautifully.

Buy yourself a pair of sunglasses so you won't develop crow's feet by screwing up your face in the strong light. But be sure the lenses are ground—otherwise the scenery will be distorted and you'll end the day with a bad headache.

DON'T



DO



Yoo-Hoo! We See Your Back

That striped effect is smart on a zebra, but not on you. The common summer ailment, strapitus, is caused by play and swim suits with straps in different places, so when you sunbathe you get patches of untanned skin on your back and, from the rear, you'll look like a fugitive from the nearest jail. The whole thing can easily be avoided if you remember to let down your straps when you sit in the sun—your evenly tanned neck and shoulders will look pretty stunning in low-backed dresses for months to come.

After you've had your quota of sun, be sure to treat yourself to a cool fragrant bath—with plenty of sweet-smelling bath salts. In summer, the sweat glands of your body are working at top speed, and to feel cool and fresh, you'll not only take baths at least twice a day, but you'll use underarm deodorant as often as necessary—we hope.

Try
MILITARY
RED
—a Red Red
LIPSTICK



"The Million Dollar LIPSTICK"

Smart women say it is... say it with the emphasis of more than a million dollars they've spent for Don Juan. You'll prefer Don Juan, too. It adds charm that STAYS ON. It's kiss-proof.

DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON

MEETS
THESE
4
TESTS

1. **STAYS ON**—when you eat, drink, kiss—if used as directed.
2. **LIPS LOOK LOVELY**—without frequent retouching. No greasy, "hard" appearance.
3. **NOT DRY or SMEARY**—no "blotches". Creamy smooth—easily applied—gives appealing glamor look.
4. **STYLE SHADES**—Military Red, rich red red, acclaimed by beauty editors. Hostess Red, for evening. Dark Red and Raspberry.

DeLuxe Size \$1.10—Refills 60c. Trial size 19c. Matching face powder and Rouge in Two Sizes.

New Cream Deodorant Safely helps Stop Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.



ARRID IS THE
LARGEST SELLING
DEODORANT

ARRID

39¢ a jar
(Also in 15¢ jars)

Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

Beauty BREVITIES

AN ARTIST who spends his time painting beautiful women says, "Women will always wear hats, because a becoming hat on a woman is like a carefully chosen frame around a valuable painting."

When buying your summer headgear, be sure, first of all, that it suits your type, then be sure it sits comfortably on your head. Now that hot weather is just around the corner, it's more important than ever that your hair and scalp should have plenty of ventilation. A tight hat causes excessive perspiration which will make your hair dull and lifeless. To wear tight-fitting hats at any time—but specially in summer—is to invite a host of scalp ailments.

☆☆

It can happen to you. Just when you're anxious to look your best for some special event you blossom forth with a large fever blister—or cold sore as it is commonly called—on your lip. It causes you all kinds of mental turmoil and assumes the proportions of a major affliction. You're sure everyone's eye will be magnetized toward it as soon as you appear on the scene. Here are some very simple but effective hints for mouth makeup during this emergency. Draw the usual outline of your lip with lipstick—or better still with a lip brush, until you come to the blister. Then allow your brush to jump right over it and continue on the other side. Fill in the body of your lip, being very careful not to touch the sore spot. Make up your other lip as usual. This cleverly deceptive use of lipstick will draw attention away from the blister. We're willing to bet you'll forget all about it yourself before the day is over. When you come to remove makeup at night, dab face cream on your lip and wipe it off with tissue away from the blister on either side.

☆☆

When you pluck stray hairs from your eyebrows, does it make your eyes water? If you're that kind of a cry-baby try the following treatment for painless plucking. Dab cold cream on your brow and spend a minute or so steaming them with hot cloths. Then, holding the skin taut between the second and third finger of your hand, grasp the tweezers with the other hand and pluck in the direction the hair grows.

by adele white

"PATCH TEST" PROVES YOUR SKIN CAN LOOK YOUNGER, LOVELIER

—Instantly!

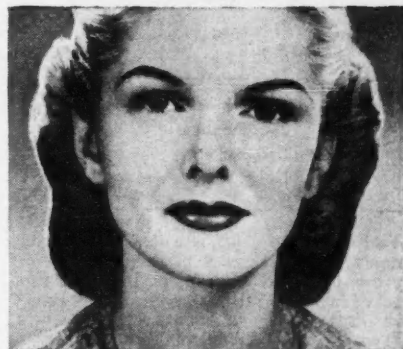
Is your skin a little oily or a little dry? Do you have a few blackheads, big pores? Choose the roughest, flakiest, most troublesome part of your face—and make the Lady Esther "Patch Test"! The "Patch Test" will show

you how much fresher, clearer and smoother your skin will look—after a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream! It will prove that this one cream is all you need for a lovely, radiant baby-smooth skin!



1. It's very simple to make the "Patch Test"—but it's an experience you won't forget! Just take a little Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream and rub it on one small section of your face. Your forehead, or your chin, or one cheek.

2. Just rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that little area—wipe it off—and look in your mirror! Now compare that patch of skin with all the rest of the skin around it! See how much fresher and clearer it looks—how much younger-looking!



3. And touch that patch of skin with your finger-tips! Feel the new velvety smoothness of it! Feel how the dry, rough flakes are gone! See and feel the difference that Lady Esther Face Cream has made in that small patch of skin!

4. If Lady Esther Face Cream can make such a radiant difference in one patch of skin—imagine how much younger and lovelier your whole face will look after the first application! Seeing's believing! Try the "Patch Test" today!

MY ONE CREAM DOES THE 4 THINGS YOUR SKIN NEEDS MOST FOR BEAUTY!



Every time you apply Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream, here's what it does: (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin—loosens and absorbs the dry flakes. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

That's why Lady Esther Face Cream beautifies your skin in a single application. Get a little jar tonight, and make the "Patch Test"! See for yourself why millions of lovely women now use this one cream for the complete daily care of their skin!

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

"I hate the day I married you!"



1. It was a horrible quarrel. I didn't believe I could ever say such things . . . we'd been so much in love, Fred and I. Then, these awful fights . . .



2. I couldn't do a thing right at work. One day, the personnel director called me. In a heart-to-heart talk I told her everything. Then she said: "My dear, there's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. She explained that many modern wives use Lysol disinfectant on their doctor's advice. "It cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes," she said. "And besides, it's so easy to use. Just follow the directions on the package—it won't harm sensitive tissues."



4. Since that day I've learned how right she was. I've found Lysol easy to use and inexpensive, too. But the big thing is this . . . the scenes in our home are all love scenes now!



Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid.

Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odour**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant
FOR FEMINE HYGIENE



For FREE booklet about Feminine Hygiene and other "Lysol" uses, send postcard to Lysol Ltd., Dept. M.H., 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Copyright, 1944, Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd.

They're Talking About...

Tail-Waggers—The four-footed faithfuls who fly over enemy territory with their masters, and play dead dog submissively at those tense moments when the bombs leave their racks. The good-bys to the last homegoing British war guests, a troop of whom arrived back overseas recently with baseball bats, chewing gum and shouts of "Hi, chum" to waiting parents. The wise old dogs who meet all the transcontinental trains stopping at little local stations across Canada, and go straight to the open window of the diner's kitchen for a hand-out. The open season for crows and magpies in Saskatchewan, and the posters saying, "Kill the crow, one cent a leg. Kill the magpie, one cent an egg." They're marauding beasts in the grain-growing country.

Big Timers—General Wavell, whose just published "Other Men's Flowers" is a thoughtful and beautifully written anthology of his favorite poetry, he likes to "think" Browning and Kipling when he's driving through the battle zones. Barbara Mullen, the little Scottish girl whose unusual interpretation of the title role in the English film, "Jeannie," has rocked New York and Hollywood back on their heels. "Tomorrow the World," the brilliant play about a Nazi child in America, recently awarded the Theatre Club Medal as the best American play of the season. Gretchen Merrill, twice figure-skating champion of America, voted one of ten best dressed women of last year, pausing in Toronto to rave about the wonderful skating rinks at Schumacher (near Timmins) where she starred in the carnival, and Kitchener, where she practiced last summer. "History of the War," Canadian Edgar McInnis' three volumes now translated into Spanish and highly lauded in Britain and the U. S. as well as here at home.

The new Canadian "President"—Alexander Knox—from Strathroy, Ont., who portrays Woodrow Wilson in the movie of that name (remember it took another Canadian—Raymond Massey—to do the best Lincoln?).

Mrs. Consumer—The WPTB's fine title for the little woman, and the week they're holding (the last in May) to say "thanks a million" for the swell job of watching prices and keeping down costs and generally doing a good housekeeping job for Canada. The woman in Port Arthur who asked for tinned milk, and when her grocer said, "You can't have any unless you have a baby," replied, "Oh, that's too much trouble." Roast leg of steer, offered on a Saskatoon menu . . . but good, too. The notice in a Watertown, N.Y., paper, inserted by the Chamber of Commerce, that shoplifting is now a war crime, and theft of rationed goods carries a maximum penalty of a year in jail and a fine of ten thousand dollars.

Dignified businessmen coming home in Australia with an unwrapped cabbage or cauliflower in hand . . . because wrapping paper is forbidden. The fact that it is prohibited to manufacture sofas and love seats in the land "down under" . . . and that a poll of Aussie troops revealed them wanting more news and fewer pin-up girls in their papers. Any connection?

Straws in the Wind—Husband habits, like scraping dishes at table and hanging up own clothes, which may be molded into the new design for living, when and if maids come back . . . two corporals holding hands as they walk down a street in Vancouver (it's all right, one's a CWAC). The way in which Bing Crosby makes his new religion-keyed picture, "Going My Way?" as entertaining to the teen-agers as anything by James or Dorsey. Those fine-looking Indian lads in khaki who are marrying British brides, too . . . and how will they fit into life on the reservation? The Hotel Dixie in New York, which tempts fate and invites destruction by advertising "Where Mairzy Doats was Born." The well-known Canadian artist who uses Siamese cats as models for the eyes she does in her sophisticated women . . . The ruling in Southern Rhodesia that landlords may no longer bar people with children, and that it is an offense, punishable by law, for prospective tenants to advertise that they have no children.

FASHION *a Department of Style and Needlecraft*

*Pickin'
Cotton*



Claire McCardell originals

By CAROLYN DAMON

Fresh as a sea breeze and cool as the sand under water, these cotton sun-dresses are new and unusual. Fresh from the hand of the designer for photographing in Chatelaine, they are—left, a new backless aqua blue with the surplice front and button-over waistline, and right, white men's cotton shirting with an Eton jacket and rickrack braid trimming. Both have the new large pockets and longer skirtline.

Are You in the Know?



Could be they're doing—

- ☐ A Square Dance
- ☐ The Conga
- ☐ A Rhumba

"Are you kidding?" you ask us. "Only a mothball wouldn't know *that*!" And now, maybe you're remembering your first Conga Line. Drums and maracas! Sizzling rhythm! It was out of this world! But it's something some girls *still* haven't known—because they're out of the fun. Girls who haven't learned how to sidestep calendar cares—haven't discovered how *confidence* follows the comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins!



Is the little lady—

- ☐ Digging for fishing worms
- ☐ Searching for Treasure
- ☐ Hoeing for Victory

Right! She's one of Canada's gardeners—thousands who've been gleefully munching their own home-grown vittles all winter. They're a proud, happy clan! And if you're an outsider—get hep! Add your plot to the thousands of Victory Gardens planted last year. For this year your country needs many more, and now's the time to start! *Stay* with the job, too, come sun or cloud—or problem days. Just remember: *Kotex stays soft while wearing.*

You hear it on which radio program—

- ☐ Beat the Band
- ☐ Red Skelton
- ☐ Fibber McGee and Molly

You ought to "det a whippin'" if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at your house and the party's been swell. You're thankful you didn't call things off . . . on account of that "certain" time. You found you *needn't*, for the flat, pressed ends of Kotex show no outlines. And that special Kotex safety center never betrays a girl's confidence!



Girls in the know Choose KOTEX

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX* than all other brands of pads put together.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest® Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odours. It's unscented, safe, sure protection.



*T. M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

☐ Check here if you're teen age and want free the newly-edited booklet "As One Girl To Another." You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want free the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." It gives facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting—how to stay on the job, even on "problem" days.

Address: Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. K4-5, 330 University Ave. Toronto 1, Ontario

Wrong Guy

Continued from page 24

suddenly, his face closed and hard again. "You want to marry me," he demanded, "and live down there with the other six of us in the same room? How'd you like that?"

Thinking back on this now, it was as though Hildy were an onlooker, watching a scene on the stage. Everything seemed clearer, sharper, than when it had happened. She saw Stub leaning toward her, his chin outthrust, his eyes demanding, and herself clapping her hands together—backing away from him.

The thought came to her like a shock that she had been a coward. All this time she had been a coward. A girl should go with the man she loves—no matter where, no matter how. Stub had thrown her a challenge, and she had backed away from it. No wonder he never spoke to her of love again. How could a man such as he go on loving a girl who had to wait until he could offer her comfort and security—until he had won the approval of the town—until he was somebody—before she'd marry him?

She would go to him in the morning. She would tell him that if he wanted her she'd marry him right away—work for him, live anywhere, do anything.

She felt strong and sure—sure that this was what Stub was waiting for. She would see tenderness in his narrow, dark eyes, and hear him say that he loved her, and nothing else would matter—discomfort, nor hardship, nor the condemnation of her friends—nothing.

BUT IN the morning, when Hildy went to the Halsey farm, most of Westbury went with her. For Mr. Halsey's apples were red on the trees, and his pears were a soft, pale green with red cheeks—all bursting with ripeness, ready to pick, ready for the migrant pickers that came every year with their families and stayed until the trees were bare of fruit.

Only this year there were no migrant pickers. The men were in the Army and the women were in factories, and Mr. Halsey's fruit threatened to rot on the branches.

That was why the road to his farm was such a strange sight this morning—walkers and cyclists and a few scattered cars kicking up the dust, making a procession unlike anything that had been seen in Westbury before. Richard Noll was there, swinging along in his uniform, with his father beside him, and behind him part of a family from the shacks—children too young to work in the factory, and men and women too old, and a few who were on night shift and could give a few hours now. Shopkeepers were there, and high school youngsters excused from classes for the day—the bartender from the place where the town ruffians hung out, and the ruffians themselves—Hildy's father, big and red-faced and smiling, and the maid, strange without her uniform, in jacket and slacks, like a girl Hildy might have known at school.

Mr. Halsey watched them all coming along, and he kept saying, "Thank you. Thank you for coming. Thank you"—like a host in a reception line at a party, Hildy thought. He stood near the gate, squinting into the sun, a gaunt, impassive figure, saying "Thank you" to these people who had come to help him save his fruit, and something stirred in Hildy that she had not felt for a long

Continued on page 46

Which
Deodorant
wins
your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

... created especially for this purpose—QUEST® POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex® Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.



**QUEST
POWDER**

The Kotex Deodorant
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Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

Makes Comfort Complete

Kotex Wonderform belt makes Kotex comfort complete. It's so dainty, light, self-balancing, adjustable, pinless—holds Kotex secure with special patented clasps that are flat, inconspicuous—only 25c



KOTEX WONDERFORM BELT

and Washable Look

are giving us to vary the basic silhouette and make us feel different.

All cottons, except the sheers like organdies, should be made in smart tailored styles. "Soft" styling is better for the softer fabrics, and it is that fresh crisp line of cotton, along with its shining cleanness and lovely variety in color, that makes it such a grand idea for the warm weather.

But such intriguing touches as boat necklines, low-cut backs, U-shaped collars, highly decorative pockets and big light plastic buttons, and sleeves

Canadian women will be wearing white or pastel cottons (according to buyers). And you can't beat pure white for mid-summer. There will be a few more dark cottons this year than last, but they're still hard to get. Navy and black are good for office wear.

How To Take Care of Your Cottons

The most attractive thing about a summer cotton dress is its absolute



All feminine is the pale blue broadcloth printed in bright flowers. The ruffle skirt is a new summer item.

Clean-looking stripes in a sport number. All photographs by courtesy the New York Dress Institute.

that get so short they almost disappear (sometimes do) are all high style features of the simple effective lines. Brother and sister outfits, with brief flaring skirts and high-riding little jumper pants are wonderful in cotton (and wash in a whisk). And cottons are the best medium for those mother and daughter dresses that are such fun. Better for the young and slender mothers, though. The idea of proud young father, coming home from military training or operations, and finding a small replica of his pretty wife at her side is a pleasant thought, and one he goes for.

Colors are bright, with more prints than plain. There are a lot of pastels, too, and English florals and big stripes are very good this year. By now 50% of

cleanness and freshness. It's a good idea to wear it no longer than one day, unless you're a cotton-wool type of creature who never gets smudged. That's not such a chore, either, for cottons have the delightful quality of washing easily and simply and drying fast and sure.

Of course you want to be sure of fastness in your colors and nonshrinkability. If you can't make sure when you're buying, it's good to get things a little bigger, or get more material, and wash them first.

If you're not sure of a color, take a bit of it (like the belt or an inch or two at the hem in the back) and put it in warm clear water for a few minutes. If the color runs, better detach the colored part and wash separately, if you can; or send it to be cleaned. Remember that reds and purple blues are most often problem colors.

If you have any feeling that the material will be difficult to wash, do it by hand with lots of warm sudsy water. Three or four rinsings to get the soap thoroughly out—the first warm, the last cool but not cold—then hang to dry (out of the direct sun) and when thoroughly dry, dampen and iron immediately.

Returned by Popular Demand

Rich Red "Riot"



GAY, clear, irresistible RIOT...marvellous for your black or navy... a flashing accent against your neutral beige and grays... RETURNED TO THE CUTEX COLOUR RANGE BECAUSE YOU ASKED FOR IT! Find Riot at your favourite toilet-goods counter—learn, if you have not already discovered, why more women choose Cutex than any other nail polish in the world!



CUTEX

... the world's most famous manicure

NORTHAM WARREN, MONTREAL



IN TUNE WITH TO DAY

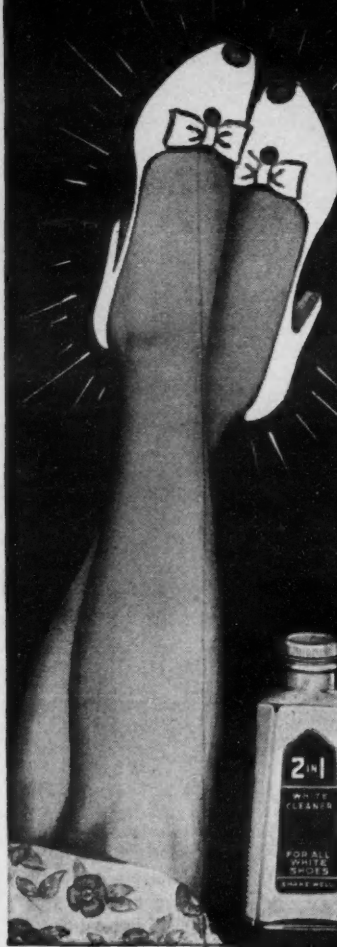
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Dazzling

●Keep your smart white shoes smart! 2-IN-1 White cleans as it whitens—to a dazzling whiteness. Helps shoe leather last longer, too. And so easy to use! Easy to put on—hard to rub off. For all kinds of white shoes, get 2-IN-1 White today.

Two Sizes—15¢ and 25¢

2-IN-1 WHITE



...For That Cool

"SOMETHING I can wash, please."

Bet you're saying that to the girl behind the counter, in your favorite shop, about now.

Bet she says, "How about a nice cotton?"

And ten to one you're on. Whether you're buying a summer dress off the racks, or are one of those smarties who can run it up in an evening or two.

Either way, you'll find a more interesting selection of cottons this year than you have for some time. For one thing we have a good supply of cotton dress fabrics this year in Canada. And for another, our designers have spent more time and thought on good-looking cotton styles and good prints and patterns than previously. Cotton is

organdie with its daisy whiteness for themselves and their attendants. Sheer organdies are still petal-like when they're fresh-washed, and cotton lace is interesting, especially for more mature figures.

If you're really handy with your needle, you'd love a set of lingerie in the lingerie cotton which is fine and cool. Eyelet embroidery makes a nice finish.

What Style Will You Wear?

One-piecers are more popular than two, although there are still lots of lovely cotton suits and smart skirt and jacket effects—slenderizing, too. The four smart cottons we've chosen for you



Black washable cotton combines with black-checked yellow gingham in a peasant two-piecer.

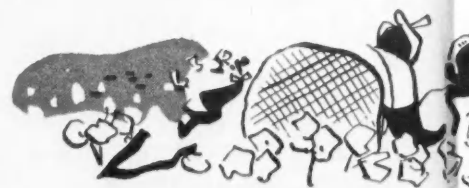
Pink and black poplin with pleating trim at bodice and pockets is a honey for fun or work wear.

going to the very best places and wearing the best pockets, buttons, frills and styling. And the dress you can slip out of, tub, iron and appear in, blossom-fresh, the next day, is a true friend and a valuable ally in your summer campaign for smartness and "coolth" at low cost.

What Cottons Are They Wearing?

There's a linenlike cotton for suitings that you'll love, and hop sacking weaves are fun. Seersucker is easy on the upkeep (almost no pressing). Piqué, especially in the lovely new pale pinks, yellows, blues or pure white, is a honey for dress-up occasions as well as workaday clothes. Gingham and chambrays, especially in stripes, are crisp and gay, and they're specially smart used in stripe-and-plain combinations — plain skirt, striped top, etc. Embroidered batiste is in keeping with the very feminine vogue for dance and dinner dates, and brides are loving the frosted

on this page are all important summer fashions. Something new in two-piece effects is in the fuller, crispy criss-crossed skirt, with matching scarf tie and a dark low-necked, short-sleeved top (sweater, blouse or dark cotton bodice). It's a new idea. Of course the checked, striped and flowered cottons in the other pictures are favorite summertime cotton fashions. Ruffy pockets and front lines, low square necks, frilly hemlines of plain or contrasting material on flowered or figured, and short, short sleeves are signs of the summer times. They are the new touches that designers



Get Set for Summer Out-of-Doors

For Vacationing—Victory
Gardening—or Just Lawn
Sitting, These are Ideal



1023 SUN SET — With this perfect summer easy-to-wear dress is a pattern for the draw-string bag and kerchief. Cap-sleeved, the dress buttons down the front and the skirt is gathered to the fitted waist.

4967 TAN TAKER — The self-ruffled low back and self-ruffled sleevelets make this the perfectly dilly number Sis wants for beach hiking and summer camping.

4968 YOUNG TIMER — Isn't this a simple and sweet sun suit for the young member of the family? The bonnet, ruffled like the suit, is a pretty and sun-screening accessory. The suit is styled with a back band, suspenders and wide tie ends.

1003 SWEET AND LOW — Another back-buttoned sun dress with embroidered eyelet edging to give it femininity. It's back-buttoned with tuck-fitted bodice and slim insert belt releasing soft skirt fullness.

1016 SUMMER SUAVITY — Higher styling for more formal wear is found in this tie-necked frock with its pretty cap sleeves. The back is seamed down the centre, the waist gathered at the lower edge in front and back.

Pattern descriptions and backs on page 50.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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for her washables are
"99% SHRINK-RESISTANT"

"SANFORIZED"

means more than
99% shrink-resistance

Women in the CWAC and other branches of the Canadian service wear the finest clothes procurable. Uniforms and all equipment are government-tested for quality. So that washables will hold their shape and fit, the specifications are 99% shrink-resistance.

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Have this same lasting fit in everything you buy. Just specify "Sanforized" when buying wash dresses, men's shirts and pyjamas, children's frocks and playclothes. This means they cannot shrink more than 1%. Always insist on the "Sanforized" label for clothes that meet government standards on shrinkage.

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BONDS

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner
The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Com-
pressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrink-
age are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the
trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by
licensed users of the mark.
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Cottons will mildew if you leave them dampened for a period of time.

If you've found that in washing dark cottons you get that linty look all over them, it may be because you are putting them in the wash with other things. Dark cottons should be washed by themselves.

Seersuckers need very little ironing—but it's a good idea to press the seams lightly with a just-warm iron. You need a fairly hot iron for most cottons, but be careful of scorching. A little starch usually adds to the crispness and keeps the fresh look longer. By the way, watch the heat of your iron for navy, brown or black—if it's very hot they'll get a high shine. Better do them with a warm iron on the under side. White cottons, by the way, can be soaked for quite a time to loosen the dirt, without harming the fabric. White cottons can be dried in the direct sun.

Recently we saw a whole cotton outfit, from the skin out, and everything the model was wearing was washable—even her cotton bag, shoes and hat. She was the all-together cleanest thing we have ever seen, and looked as though she had just been lifted, complete, from the freezing tray of a refrigerator. It's a happy thought, this time of year. +

Chatelaine
Pattern
No. 1613



IT'S a smart girl who makes herself a cool two-piecer to see her through the summer weather downtown, holidaying or at home. This pattern is done in slenderizing tailored lines, with a kick pleat in the skirt front and the new narrow lapels and twin breast pockets. Short sleeves fit in the mood of the new season fashions. It's easy to make and you can get an effective touch by using some of the smart new plastic buttons, with a pocket hankie to match. Sizes 12-20.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

Order from
Chatelaine Pattern Department,
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

This

**Cream Deodorant
Stops Perspiration**

SAFELY Doesn't irritate skin or harm clothing.

QUICKLY Acts in 30 seconds. Just put it on, wipe off excess, and dress.

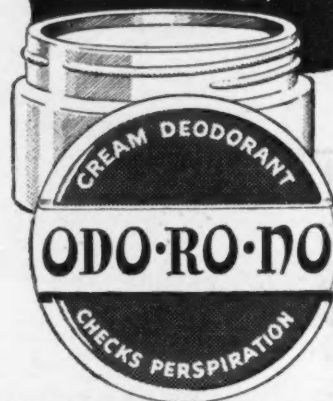
EFFECTIVELY Stops perspiration and odour by effective pore inactivation.

LASTINGLY Keeps underarms sweet and dry up to 3 days.

PLEASANTLY Pleasant as your favourite face cream—flower fragrant—white and stainless.

**AND
doesn't dry up**

The big jar contains
21 more applications for
39¢ than other leading
deodorants—and the
entire contents are usable
because it doesn't
dry up.



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The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST
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Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto

It won't be Long



IF EVERY available Canadian woman heeds her country's urgent call for help—If all of us put Victory's needs first. It won't be long until the days of nylon stockings—beautiful gowns and personal lovelies are here again. Who doesn't do a little "day dreaming" in the meantime. Such dreams make the "todays" a little easier—the "tomorrows" worth fighting for.

TODAY, time is at a premium—the girls in the forces find duty routines insistent—those in civies know that extra calls for help are numerous. The woman "who knows" realizes the importance of today taking care of herself as well as others—taking care so that the *dreams of tomorrow* may come true.

DU BARRY offers a way to loveliness. A few minutes care the Du Barry way is the secret to loveliness. Not only for "today" but also for the other days which will surely come.

First pour just a few drops of Du Barry Foundation Lotion in the palm of your hand. Then stroke your face and throat until the lotion is well smoothed in. Remove any excess with tissues. Du Barry Foundation Lotion, \$1.50.

Next blend Du Barry Rouge carefully upward and outward being sure to leave no hard edges. Du Barry Rouge, \$1.25.

Now carefully apply Du Barry Lipstick, first making sure your lips are dry, and don't forget to blot off any excess with tissue. Du Barry Lipstick, \$1.15.

Finally with Du Barry soft, clinging Powder, begin at the base of the throat and work upward . . . powder generously and press the powder in so as to blend it to your powder base. The excess powder brushes off as you blend it in. Du Barry Face Powder, in large box, \$2.00.



See your Du Barry beauty advisor at better cosmetic counters everywhere. She can assist you with your make-up problems.

Du Barry

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

By Richard Hudnut

Featured at better cosmetic counters from coast to coast

"Why does that red head always pick on my date!"



Jean: With all the men she's got, you'd think she'd let my date alone! I'd like to give her a piece of my mind. Bob's skated more with her than with me!

Ann: She's a snazzy skater—but that needn't curdle you, glamour puss! You're much prettier, Jean, and you can stop worrying if you'll listen to a word of wisdom.



Jean: ... but underarm odor! You know I never miss my morning bath!

Ann: Baths can fade fast, my pet. Why not play safe with Mum, every day!



Jean: What a silly goose I was not to know baths simply wash away past perspiration. But Mum after every bath prevents risk of underarm odor to come.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada

Don't let underarm odor spoil your charm!

MUM is quick—Only 30 seconds to use Mum—prevents underarm odor all day or all evening.

MUM is safe—Safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Won't harm clothes!

Mum is sure—Trust Mum to guard your daintiness through busy days or dancing evenings. Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor—keeps you nice to have around.

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is dependable—ideal for this important purpose.

You Can Tell by the Way He Dances

Continued from page 9

You wouldn't be too surprised to find that Fred Astaire's mind drifts thoughtfully back to his dancing days with Ginger Rogers when you talk about Al dancing partners. He told us he had enjoyed doing "Roberta" as much as we'd liked seeing it.

A terrifically hard worker who, like his partner of other movies, the great tap dancer, Eleanor Powell, rehearses for weeks ahead of shooting time, he is a perfectionist. Besides, he likes to come up with something new and better for each routine. And with the years of top-ranking dancing he has behind him, that is quite an order.

Astaire Likes to Loaf When He's Dancing

He has a word for the girls—and for that matter, fellows—who are nervous about taking to the floor with such professionals as Miss Powell or himself who, he modestly suggests, may do a bit of hoofing as their business.

"Nine times out of ten, the professional dancer likes to just loaf along on the floor, enjoying a lazy, easy step and the company of the girl he's with. That's the way I am, anyway," he says in his pleasant friendly manner. You believe him, too. For in both his work and his life he hates exhibitionism and show-off stuff, and would never draw attention to himself or his partner on a crowded dance floor. You get the idea that he thinks anyone who does could be ticketed as a wrong guy, and a not very good matrimonial bet.

Fred believes that it isn't so much what you do, in dancing, as the way you put it across. Just as in professional stage work the ballroom dancer who does the most intricate steps may not be the big scorer with his partner. It's a kind of pleasant exuberance, a sense of easy enjoyment, that makes dancing fun.

"There should be an idea back of everything you do," he says, thoughtfully. "I don't like just hoofing for the sake of beating the floor." The same can be true of social dancing. You're there to enjoy the girl and the music and the general atmosphere, as well as your own steps. Otherwise you're a pretty dull individual."

The man who spends three months perfecting a routine lasting seven minutes on the screen, and devotes six to eight weeks getting ready to shoot a number, believes that anyone who is going to get the most out of dancing needs a certain amount of assured ease and practice.

"It's got to look easy, no matter how hard you have to work first. It's worth it," he says.

The top-ranking dance star likes precision—you know the way he "cuts" a number with a gesture of his foot or hand? He believes that goes for the dance floor, too.

"A man should know where he's going and what he wants to do. Otherwise he would seem to be a pretty uncertain individual, without very much direction in his thinking and action."

And Mr. Astaire went back to the rehearsal of his new "Limehouse Blues" number he's working out for M.G.M.'s "Ziegfeld Follies," a driven man but obviously a happy one in his work.

Murphy Scores the Talking Machine

George Murphy likes to dance. He likes most things in life—he's that kind of guy. Honest, witty, straightforward. And he doesn't like a girl who babbles into his ear all the time the music is playing.

"That one you can have," he says definitely, "she'll tell you the neighborhood gossip while you're trying to read the newspaper."

He also finds it trying to be with a partner who discovers all her old school friends—male and female—dancing right there around her.

"By the time you've steered her out of trouble while she's waving and mugging at everyone in sight, and tried to keep your step in pace with hers while she manoeuvres you closer to her old beau who has that dreadful Smith girl out, you're a pretty worn-out guy. She'll not only be a married flirt but an inattentive wife."

Then there's the self-conscious girl. You can pick her out by her opening lines. Something like, "Who'd have ever thought when I left home that I'd be here in this wonderful place dancing with wonderful you?"

George wishes she'd relax. As a matter of fact, he likes the girl who just takes it easy, dances around to the music with a few remarks here and there, and stays with her partner to the music.

"That kind makes the best wife," he says grinning. "I know, because I married her."

George believes that everybody should learn to dance. It's grand exercise, it teaches grace and poise, and—like organized sports—it makes a grand harmless form of entertainment. And it requires co-operative effort, if it is to be fun.

Mr. Murphy—like Arthur Murray—likes to see girls dressed in the proper clothes for dancing. He put it sort of generally—you know, nice light swirly things. Mr. Murray is explicit. The girl who dresses smartly and suitably for the dance floor—and for her partner—will use just as good judgment about more serious matters in life.

She avoids stiff flowers or ornaments that will stick into the man's chest, for instance. She knows that wide flaring gowns are more flattering to her feet and figure than tight stiff ones. She makes sure that her dress doesn't shrug up too much when she lifts her arms.

And she remembers—when long dresses are in—that a man hates anything so floor-sweeping that it catches under her feet. She avoids pumps that drop off or sandals that keep slipping. Her hair is soft but well in hand and she is lightly perfumed and her lipstick doesn't smudge over collars and lapels.

The man who'll make a good life partner as well as a dancing one is neither a cut-up, a show-off, a floor-hog or a Milquetoast. He holds your arm easily (as opposed to the strap-hanger), keeps you firmly but gently in hand, and makes as though he enjoyed the dance greatly.

There's your dance-character-finder, as charted by the stars and the teacher. Watch him while the orchestra's beating it out—and he'll give himself away to you.

Then you can take it or leave it.



week." He jumped up, reached a hand, and yanked her to her feet, not any too gently. "Come on, Marno, let's go feed nuts to the animals!"

Meekly, like a little girl scolded, she followed.

HE WAS not pleased with the black bears in their deep high-railed pit. Captivity had turned them into great hulks of lumbering stupidity and greed. But a pair of grizzlies in a strongly reinforced pen took his eye, they were such ugly customers.

"Were there animals in places you've been?" she asked, trying to make friends.

"Sharks," he replied severely.

"Oh!" she gasped. The line of his cheek stayed taut and angry, as he led her past the line of outdoor cages with wildcats, possums, coyotes. Up on a hill was the big covered animal house; they heard the lions roaring.

"The keepers feed them in the afternoon, so people can watch," Marno said, still trying to make things pleasant again.

They entered the animal house as keepers brought in wheeled carts, with chopped vegetables for some of the beasts and great red hunks of horse meat for the others. From cages of lions, jaguars and leopards rose for a few seconds an uproar, snarling, hideous. But the great creatures had their own customs of courtesy to one another. The lion and lioness retired to opposite corners, each with a portion, and went to gnawing at bone and gristle and tough red meat. They watched, fascinated, till the girl exclaimed,

"Ugh, it's sort of horrible. Let's go outside."

"Yes, I'd sooner get eaten by a shark than a lion," he agreed.

"Oh," she shuddered, "don't!"

"Much it would matter to you," he retorted sourly.

They rambled back the way they had come, through the strolling or staring crowds. The label of one of the outdoor cages took his eye; he read it aloud, and since the pronunciation was thoughtfully given, he said it right: Co-AT-ti.

"Coati or Coatumundi: Native of Tropical America"—huh, that's a new one on me." He stood and looked at the three small short-legged animals roving around their cage.

The sign said they were a male and two females. About the size of large housecats, their brown-shaded fur was short and coarse. Long pointed snouts and long tails that stood up in tall question marks gave them a comical effect. They had useful paws like hands in long black gloves, and climbed nimbly up and down a ladder-branched small bare tree provided for their diversion.

"They'd make good pets aboard ship," Neil observed. An attendant came up, opened the door at the back of the cage, put down a shovelful of mixed foods. "Chow!" cried the sailor, and laughed to see the rush for the heap. There was a scuffle and outburst of squeals, and two brown balls of fur flew into corners, where they crouched, licking themselves. In triumph atop the pile of provender stood the male coati, and with his skilful long-clawed paws began to sort it over in a leisurely and critical manner.

But the females were as hungry as he. From their corners they began creeping forward, bellies close to ground, long noses quivering. One made a dash, and was batted away by a vicious swipe of the male's long claws. She retired to her corner to sulk; then hid her nose in her furry flank and went to sleep.

The other female was cleverer and, you would say, younger. While he was driving off the first, she had crept up behind them, and was stretching for a bit of meat when he whirled on her. Instantly she scrambled for her corner, and crouched there, watching.

The choicest foods were several eggs, and it was fascinating to see the male coati eat them. He would hold an egg in one paw, and neatly break the shell with the claws of the other. As the raw egg drooled forth his long tongue would dart from his long snout, and cleanly lick up every dribble of yolk and white.

When he had eaten the three eggs in the pile, he turned his attention to chopped-up raw vegetables and bits of meat, selecting the tastiest while the hungry female watched in anguish. At last, his appetite satisfied, he pushed away a bit of raw carrot, and clawed over the pile of food again. At the very bottom he discovered one last raw egg.

"Well, what do you know!" ejaculated Harkison. "The greedy little hog is going to eat that one too!"

The male coati broke the shell with his usual technique. But he was really as full as he could hold. After one or two flicks of his tongue, he had to leave it. Reluctantly, with immense dignity, he turned slowly away.

Now the female began approaching, but cautiously, so that if he turned on her she could pretend she was merely admiring the scenery. But he waddled off, and began inspecting the boundaries of his cage like a country gentleman on an after-dinner stroll around the walls of his estate. The female, nose quivering in all its length, crept closer and closer to the scattered food. The tip of her snout reached the broken egg, her long tongue licked out, and the yellow globule of egg-yolk was gone.

In his after-dinner promenade the male coati reached the other female, sleeping in her corner, and roused her with a nip.

"He's telling her it's time for chow," the sailor said. But the male coati only wanted to lie down in the nice soft place she had made in the dust, and the minute she left it, curled himself down for repose. The female went up to the provender—what was left of it—and began turning it over dejectedly.

"Poor thing!" Marno said with a half-laugh. "She looks exactly like a woman who gets to a bargain counter after it's been all picked over, so she can't find a thing worth having!"

Neil stretched across the railing provided to keep spectators at a safe distance from the cages, and dropped a small pebble on the male coati's furry hump. "You selfish little so-and-so!" he said, "look after yourself right down the line, would you, while your girl friends get the leavings!" But the coati did not move.

They turned away from the cage, and Marno gave a violent start, as if she'd seen a lion on the loose, said, "Oh!" and stopped in her tracks. Neil's eyes traced the direction of hers.

HURRYING IN their direction, and pulling a little girl along, came a man, who gave Neil first of all an impression of good clothes—well-cut tweed jacket, dark slacks, expensive Panama. His smile, beneath a mere edge of black mustache, was a gleam of admirable white teeth. His skin was tanned, but sleekly, as if by the golf course or even the ultra-violet lamp, and by no means by the strong sun and winds of the sea. As he came up you caught the alert amused intelligence of his bright dark eyes.

look your loveliest in a
Rose Marie Reid
original



Illustrated: Faile with novelty "velvet-paint" design in exquisitely styled slim princess lines. Famous "Miracle-Bra." Genuine Lightning Fastener.

Illustrated: Sharkskin and Shannon fabric two-piece in gay print design, scallop trim skirt, self-fabric panties, zip back.

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Choose the suit that accents your loveliness...sculptures every graceful curve of your figure. Glamorous as an evening formal...yet takes to the water like a seal. Each Skintite is a famous Rose Marie Reid creation. Beneath its beauty you'll discover such famous features as the "Miracle Bra" and "Floating Panties" which assure comfort and perfect fit.



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Why Veronica Lake likes Woodbury Flesh shade



VERONICA LAKE, STARRING IN "THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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Girls!... For the love-lure of lovelier skin, choose your shade today from Woodbury's *Flesh*, *Rachel*, *Windsor Rose*, *Brunette*.

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YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! Hollywood chart in every Woodbury Powder box tells your right Woodbury lipstick and rouge shades. Get your Woodbury glamour make-up today.

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BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AND STAMPS



(MADE IN CANADA)

These Things Don't Happen :: Continued from page 11

a girl back home?" she asked weakly. "Oh, in a way; several of 'em. The nicest one has a snub nose and freckles and the prettiest one is kind of dumb. But you—you're sensible and sweet and on top of that you're beautiful!"

Warm color deepened on her cheekbones again, but she met his eyes frankly this time. "Well, Neil! The same to you. I mean, you're awfully good-looking, yourself."

"I wish you could feel half as proud of being seen with me as I am of being with you. Not that I know anybody in this town except my aunt and uncle. Tell me, would you like it if friends of yours happened to see the two of us together?"

"Oh!" She sounded alarmed. "Well, I—I don't believe my friends come here, much. But Neil"—she got up—"weren't we going to the zoo? Come on, let's go and see all the nice animals, now, let's!"

Paths climbed slow grassy inclines dappled with shade. She pointed out the reservoir. "Too bad it's fenced off for the duration. It used to be pretty to walk around. The water's so green."

"I get to see all the green water I care about. Green grass and trees look good to me. All the same, if you like the stuff—let's try this nice piece of shade on this nice soft grass!"

He pulled her, resisting, down beside him. "Listen a minute, let's get things straight. I told you about me, how I didn't have a girl—"

"Why Neil—" she withdrew her hand firmly. "You didn't say anything! You said you had several girls."

"Comes to exactly the same thing, as you very well know. But you didn't tell me about you. We started fine. When we met I felt as if we were old friends. But now you keep steering clear of—you don't seem to want to—well, what I'm driving at is, do you just not happen to like me? Or are you engaged to some other guy, some lucky, lucky guy?"

"Oh, no," she answered faintly. "I mean, I do like you, Neil. And I'm not"—her voice was small and sad—"engaged to anybody."

Resolutely she got up, brushed bits of grass from her dress, returned to the path. They walked along it in silence, her shoulders drooping, for some moments. After a while he spoke.

"So you're not engaged. But there's somebody you wouldn't mind being engaged to, is that it? I see. Well—I hope you marry the lucky guy and it's a big success for both of you."

"Oh, no, I never, never will." "Why not? Is he married already? Marnie!" He stopped and she faced him squarely. "You sounded funny about that man, that lawyer, you work for. Is he the one you're in love with?"

She nodded dumbly. He kicked up a savage toe-load of gravel. "What kind of a guy is he, to make love to a girl as fine and sweet and good as anybody can see you are?"

"But he doesn't. Only, you see, he's

lonely, too. We understand each other, every word, every thought. His wife—"

"She doesn't understand him! Corny!" he snorted in disgust. He took her elbow and guided her to a bench which gave a view of an enclosure where deer, stiff-legged yet graceful, were nibbling across the short turf. This time she was unresisting, let him lead.

"Look: after this week, or even, if you don't want to, after today, you'll never see me again. Tell me about it, why don't you?"

He wasn't scornful, now, but serious and kind. When she couldn't begin, he did it for her. "Now, if he and his wife don't get along, why don't they get a divorce so he can marry you? It wouldn't be the first time that's happened, not by a long shot."

"Oh, no," she sighed. "He'd never ask her to divorce him. In a way, they're fond of each other. But you see, he's a really important person; anyhow he's going to be."

"So he can't divorce her and marry you on account of his career," the young man said bluntly. Proudly, she lifted her chin.

MORNING WIND

By Eileen Cameron Henry

The wind has set her shadowy feet
On the spiral stair between the sky
And the still dead earth, she has
climbed
Beyond the brown thrush song, the
eagle's cry:
And far below, where her footsteps
turned
On a marble curve, a gull's wings
lift
The shadowy print of her sanded
foot,
And trace the pattern's curving
drift.
And a tree that turned to face the
hill
Stands quiet and lone, and sentinel
still.

"I'd never let him sacrifice his hopes and ambitions for me."

"How about your hopes and ambitions? Didn't you want to marry and have a home and children? Most girls do."

"Oh, well... the men I liked best have all gone to war."

"I know. That makes it tough. But there's nothing in this for you." He folded his arms,

scowling. "Does your mother know about it?"

"Oh, yes, she does. She—she minds, terribly. This vacation, she's been urging me to go clear away, as she told you. I know she thinks if father were alive, or Bill were home, it would be different."

"You bet it would be different," he agreed roughly. "Before any man that cared about you would let you—"

"But we aren't doing anything wrong. We never see each other outside the office, except once in a while if I have to work late, he takes me to dinner. If it makes us both so happy, just that little time together, why shouldn't we? What harm does it do?"

"Well, look what it's doing to you. Right now, you'd like me, if it wasn't for him. Is he some kind of superman? What's he like?"

"Well, he's 32, and he's got a fine mind and he's handsome and successful, everybody admires him... but that isn't why I started loving him. It was when I discovered that way deep down inside, hidden from everybody but me, he was so lonely."

"Huh!" Neil commented from the depths of his lungs. "Well: so now you won't so much as look at anybody else?"

"He does sort of spoil the boys I know for me," she admitted.

"I'd like to be staying around here long enough to sort of spoil him for you," Harkison said grimly. "Oh well—the heck with it. I'll be gone in a

If You Were a Woman in Moscow Today

Continued from page 12

scarlet fever. In the clinic the doctor must keep a chart with names of any sick children and what they suffer from. This is co-ordinated with similar information from all schools in Moscow and health authorities have complete and continuous information as to the state of the children's health.

With work and children the Moscow mother hasn't much time for recreation these days. Just the same, on Sundays every means of conveyance is full of women on their way to the country and various sport stations to ski and skate. I haven't been here in summer, but Russian women tell me that every

silk dresses, flimsy stockings and high-heeled evening shoes. Evening dress isn't *de rigueur*, but women wear it if they have it.

Luxury goods are impossible to buy in wartime Moscow, and shoes are the hardest things to get. Walking down the streets you'd see shop windows with essential goods only. I did see one shop window with a very attractive display of spring clothes, but these were for display only. You can't purchase anything without coupons. For a number of goods you need a special order from the organization to which you belong. If you consider that entertaining your



Sovfoto

Only the very young and the very old stay home in Russia; but in spite of long hours of arduous war work Russian women find time to write to their soldiers at the front just as regularly as we write to our boys overseas.

woman has time to go swimming when it's warm enough.

Every professional institution has an organization which opens clubs and arranges social evenings, and such clubs are always full. They remain open until the very last minute before the curfew, which is one o'clock in Moscow.

The simplest and most popular of all recreations is the theatre. There are about 27 principal theatres in Moscow proper and a number of smaller ones in the surrounding suburbs. Every one of them is packed each night, and to get into one of them you'd have to buy a ticket at least three or four days ahead. But they have the best ballet, best opera and best musical comedy I have seen in Europe. In spite of the short time they have for pleasure, women here take as long as women anywhere to dress for the theatre. They can be seen arriving muffled up in greatcoats, wearing knee-high valenkis (felt boots), but when they take them off you see flowery

friends is recreation, then you'd fit in here. It's difficult to find more hospitable people anywhere in the world. Russian women have a habit of giving you the best of the limited amount they have; but today, instead of being invited to a meal, you'd probably be invited for a glass of tea. There would be no shame at all if you took from your bag a piece of bread or a lump of sugar to go with it.

This, roughly, is what your life might be like if you were a woman in Moscow today. But this would be a smaller and less important part of your life. More than household troubles and buying theatre tickets, you would think of killing Germans and finishing the war. If you were asked to give up some of your bread ration, your heating, your electricity, anything at all to help end the war, you'd probably be willing. And today, with so many victories, you'd look back on the last three years and think that the worst lay behind. +



Sovfoto

The most important profession a Russian woman can follow today is medicine; and war has made doctors as hard-working as factory hands.

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"Hello, Marno!" he hailed her. "I won't say, fancy meeting you here, because I called your house and your mother said you'd gone to the zoo with a friend. So I invited Patsy to come along and make it a foursome, it sounded like such a good idea. Shall we join forces?"

She introduced them: Mr. Linley, Mr. Harkison. Linley was as tall as the young sailor, but slighter. He flinched as Harkison's handshake ground the large bloodstone seal-ring against the finger bones of his nicely kept hands.

"And this is Patsy... Hello, Patsy," Marno was saying. "Do you like coming to the zoo?"

"No, I don't," the little girl replied crossly. "It smells, and daddy made me walk so fast." She was a fallow child, about eight.

"I told your mother," Linley said hastily, "I wanted to know if you could tell that fool substitute girl at the office where the Cartwright papers are; knew you could lay your hand on them in a minute." Harkison, who had gravely and courteously exchanged greetings with the little girl, invited her to come over and see the coats. If Marno wanted a private word with this dark-and-handsome specimen, she could have it, and the heck with the two of them. But Harkison's keen hearing picked it up: "Of course, Marno, what I really wanted was the sight of you."

"Aren't these funny little critters, Patsy?" Neil asked the frowning little girl, who might be pretty later. "I like zoos, myself. But why didn't your mommy come along?"

"Daddy didn't invite her; just only me. My brother wanted to come, but he's only six and daddy said he'd be a nuisance. I don't like these animals; they aren't doing anything. I want to go and feed my peanuts to the monkeys." She had a striped paper sack.

Pulling away from Harkison, she ran back to Linley's side. "Daddy, daddy, come on; you said I could feed the monkeys."

"Oh, feed the bears instead; bears like peanuts too," the man's bored voice advised. "She's done nothing but tease, ever since we came here." He had turned back to Marno.

"Well, what do kids go to zoos for?" Harkison muttered. Linley's turned shoulder edged him out of the conversation. So, in a minute or two, he looked around for Patsy.

There were plenty of "Warning" signs to keep people outside the railings, placed a foot and a half away from the wires of these outdoor cages, for safety's sake. But the little girl disregarded these signs, or maybe couldn't read them. As Harkison turned, she ducked under the rail outside the grizzlies' pen, and reached her skinny little arm as far inside the cage as she could, offering a handful of peanuts.

THERE WAS a roar and a rearing up of the tremendous hairy brown bodies. But long training and vital necessity had given Harkison a quick eye, a reaction-time of practically zero. He covered a five-yard space in what appeared one standing broad jump, to catch the little girl away from the cage. It happened so fast that Marno and Linley did no more than stand in paralyzed horror, frozen where they were, until he brought her over to them.

"Well, never a dull moment," quoted Harkison grimly, at Marno. To Linley he added, "Monkeys would be a good deal safer."

"Uh—let's all go feed the monkeys then," said Linley, and wiped his fore-

head. "Quick work, Mr. — er — Harkison; thanks."

"Marno and I have got the monkeys taken care of already. Besides, we must be getting on; we've got a date for dinner."

"I was going to suggest we all have dinner at the club," Linley said to Marno, while the child plucked at his cuff.

"Afraid enlisted men don't go to your club," Harkison countered.

"Well, perhaps not usually—" It was suave. "But as my guest—"

"Navy ruling against it, thanks just the same," Harkison said with flat finality. "Come along, Marno." He gripped her elbow, wheeled her round, strode her off, while behind them Patsy went on teasing, "Now they're gone, come on, daddy, come on, I say."

"But Neil," Marno panted, "surely there isn't any Navy ruling?"

"Against slugging it out with civilians, to say nothing of wringing their necks? Oh, yes, there is," he retorted furiously. He marched her off the main thoroughfare into a side path, and there confronted her, all in a blaze. "If you want to know what I think, I think you ought to be spanked! You didn't tell me this wonderful hero of yours had a couple of kids!"

There was a stone bench against a bank of shrubbery, and she dropped down on it, turned sideways and buried her face in her bent arm, against its back. He sat down at the far end, his face in its angry young intolerance as hard as the concrete. But after a while he cooled down, and spoke.

"What on earth made your mother tell him we'd come here?"

"Probably she hoped something like this—would happen."

"Oh, I get it." He hunched forward, elbows on knees, chin on fists, staring at the gravel. "You know, Marno, your mother's okay. What you need is to get away, get a new set of ideas, and stop dreaming up a romance. I don't believe you know what high explosive you're playing with. You're lonesome and he's an attractive lug, out to get all he can out of everybody, just like that greedy little coati back there in the cage. He's a handsome brute, too, as coatis go, and he's got two females to encourage his selfishness—"

"Oh, stop!" she cried desperately, and shuddered into long racking sobs. She was past taking heed of the fact that their side path had led them only a few yards away from one of the park's main thoroughfares, and passers-by might see her.

Consequently Neil Harkison noticed something she didn't. He took a good look to make sure he was right, then whipped to her end of the bench, put his arms hard around her, and began kissing her averted cheek.

He judged Marno not the sort of girl to scream, but he had every expectation of getting his face slapped the minute he let go of her arms so that she could. He held the pose, however, until Linley and the little girl—who pointed at them goggle-eyed in case her daddy missed them—had hurried on out of eye range.

Then he released her, and tensed his cheek muscles for the slap. It didn't come. Instead, relaxed, limp in his arms, she leaned against his shoulder. Surprisingly, after a moment, she pressed her wet cheek against his.

"Neil, you're a dear," she said gently; turned her face, and kissed him quickly, once. His heart gave a wild plunge from a direct hit on the target. These things don't happen. But this was happening, and to him. ♦

Czechoslovakia, when, in their own country, pacifism has been declared a crime, punishable by death? But they want Czechoslovakia, don't they, and they want it cheap. The Czechs must not fight. Pacifists they'd better be, unwilling to defend themselves, unwilling and unable. No further allotments for national defense! Public demonstrations, instead, mass risings in favor of peace, peace at any price, albeit the loss of freedom and honor!

"That's what Berlin wants to achieve and that's what they are eager to pay me for. And how pleased they are with my Swedish success! What have I done? What have I tried to do? I have spared no effort to destroy the will of resistance of my own people. While the wolf was loose, I have admonished them to bury their guns. Peace movement, indeed! A movement for the furtherance of lawless aggression!"

She paused. Then, in a voice veiled by emotion, she said:

"I set forth to annul the work of a lifetime. I resigned from all my posts. And when my refusal to appear at an international peace meeting in Geneva was not accepted, I journeyed to Switzerland to speak my mind before the assembly. May I never have to go through such agony again! And yet what agonies shall we have to experience, now that war has come?"

WHEN PEACE has come, will pacifism stage a comeback? This writer hopes and believes that it will. But it will have to be of a very different, a wholly transfigured, type.

I have before me a book by Duff Cooper entitled "The Second World War." From this collection of speeches and articles, composed between the days of the Munich Agreement—the inglorious accord that caused Mr. Cooper's resignation as First Lord of the Admiralty—and Sept. 3, 1939, I think it suitable to quote a few sentences.

"There are some who believe," Mr. Cooper wrote in October, 1938, "that the simplest method (to prevent war) is refusal to fight. But what sounds simple in theory is seldom easy in practice, and the first thing that the schoolboy discovers is that if he wishes to live in peace with his neighbors he must not allow it to be supposed that under no circumstances will he resort to force. It is not the small and weak who are bullied at school—or it was not so in my day, for I was one of them—it is those who lack the spirit of resistance, without which, in the world as we have made it, nothing can survive. It may be argued that the Quakers enjoy a peaceful and prosperous existence but . . . they are living in a civilized community where violence is against the law. The whole

police force and the courts of law are on their side . . . In international affairs there is no police force and no court of law . . . The nations are living under the law of the jungle where the doctrine of peace at any price means paying the price of shame and not getting peace in return for it, and where nonresistance means self-destruction."

The world "as we have made it" has proved unfit for pacifists as we have known them. If they wish to prevail, they must alter both the world and themselves. Their very pacifism must turn active and militant.

Yesterday's pacifists were lovers of peace. Tomorrow's pacifists must be preventers of war. And just as a good physician will know how to eliminate, or to reduce to a minimum, the dangers inherent in the existence of disease-breeding germs, a good pacifist will know how to eliminate, or to reduce to a minimum, the dangers inherent in the existence of war-breeding germs. Broadly speaking, this is what he will do:

1. He will prescribe an attitude of social responsibility rather than asocial irresponsibility, thus seeking to replace nationalistic rivalries by international collaboration. He will advocate the greatest possible measure of economic justice for all peoples, thus trying to remove any quasi-"legitimate" desire for aggression on the part of the "underprivileged." And he will insist on the fulfillment of the great promise given in The Four Freedoms, thus attempting to devitalize the most vicious of the war-breeding germs: fear and want.

2. He will demand that "the law of the jungle" be abandoned in favor of a new, strict, clearly defined and generally binding International Law. According to this law, aggression will be a crime—even the most indirect aggression, such as the glorification of war and the spreading of hate. Against the verdicts arrived at by the world's law courts there will be no appeal and their non-recognition by any nation will be a crime in itself.

3. He will insist on the formation of an international police force, whose strength must far surpass that of any potential aggressor. And no matter how ardently tomorrow's pacifist, no matter how ardently the dignitaries of his courts and the members of his police, may be devoted to the idea of peace, never must they "allow it to be supposed that under no circumstances will they resort to force." War—he will understand—is not like an act of God; not like an earthquake, which cannot be averted. War is a social disease; tomorrow's pacifist will be here to prevent its outbreak, and he will prevent it, unless he has missed his vocation. ✚

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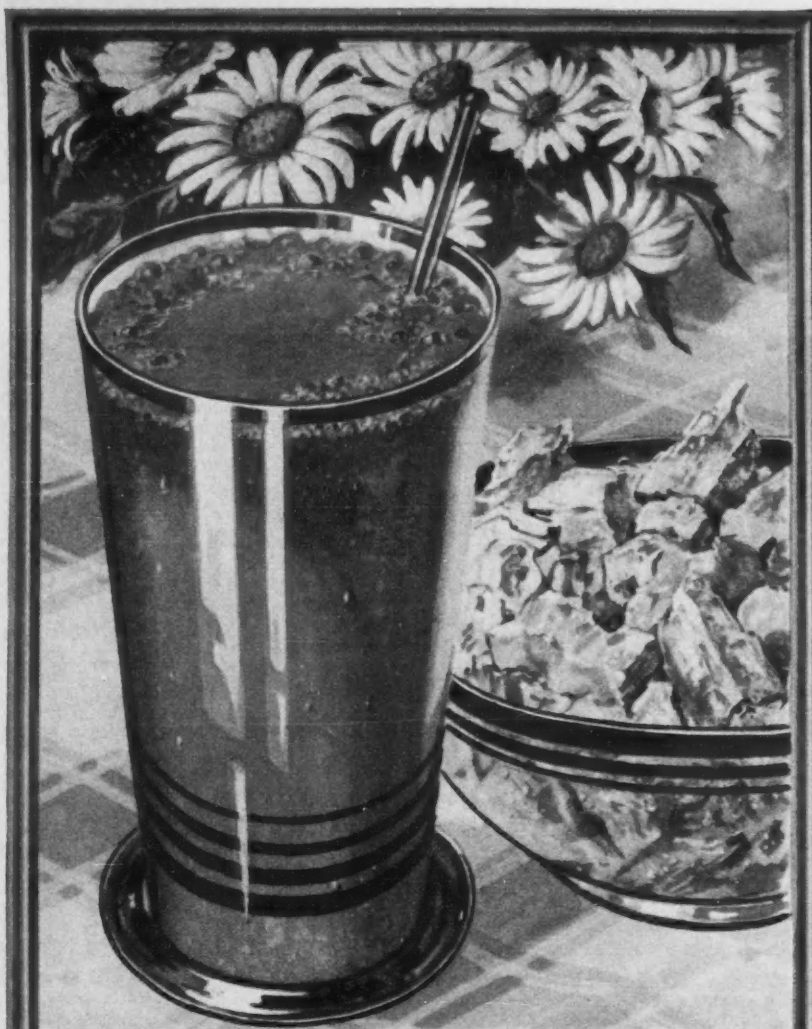
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Will Pacifism Rise Again? :: Continued from page 16

actress attending to her job as best she could, I spoke with emphasis and conviction. Also, I spoke German. War, I said, was no better than a crime; mass murder, it was, and shameful slaughter. Never again must we permit . . .

"Stop it!"

The shout came from one of the Brown-shirts.

Raising my voice, I continued.

"Stop it, I say! Dirty traitor! She is insulting our glorious soldiers! Stop it, or I'll make you!"

Two minutes later the turmoil was in full swing. The Nazis—40 or 50 of them—bellowed and screamed; vainly I tried to make myself heard. The audience—some 800 pacifists—remained passive, until chairs started to fly and a few determined-looking workers hurled themselves into the battle. As usual, the Republican police was nowhere to be seen.

When I had finished, I kept standing where I was, in stunned bewilderment. If I managed to think anything at all, it was this: they are insane; they are out of their minds. They ought to be interned. Why doesn't someone render them harmless?

Out in the streets the night was cool and lovely. But I felt feverish. What sense did it make—I wondered fervently—to hold pacifist meetings when there were people who were determined to fight and who actually did? Like infuriated beasts they'd fight anyone who mentioned peace. Surely such people had to be dealt with; merely to speak to them or even against them, would never do. Already they had fanaticized many millions of Germans. Their foul propaganda, their morbid romanticism, their irrational hatreds, their violence and ruthlessness had fallen on fertile soil in a Germany seething with resentment and discontent. Still, they were in the minority and once the rest of us opened fire on them, they would soon be defeated.

Then and there, in the moonlit streets of the Munich of 1931, I ceased to be a pacifist. Or, rather, I modified my concept of what effective pacifism ought to be.

YEARS PASSED—many of them—bad and troubled years. The evil ones won out in Germany. And step by step the German tragedy—the tragedy of a disunited, ill-prepared, "pacifist" majority, overrun by a fanatically united, ruthlessly aggressive, lawlessly bellicose minority—repeated itself on a European scale. But never during the years preceding the war could I listen to the oratory of Europe's statesmen, without hearing my own voice shouting the lines of a pacifist poem and drowning helplessly in a clamor which words could not stop.

When war broke out, I happened to be in Sweden. The lady with whom I spent the evening of Sept. 3, 1939, was a Countess. Though I had only just met her, her name had long been familiar to me. As the head and founder of a great Swedish women's peace movement, the Countess was internationally known. Now I was puzzled to learn that her pacifist career had come to an end and that at present my friend was devoting her time to editing a magazine, the militantly anti-fascist attitude of which left nothing to be desired.

"How come?" I said, looking at her, startled.

This is what I heard: Some time ago—shortly before Hitler's invasion of

Austria—a stranger had come to visit, a citizen of Czechoslovakia and an ardent admirer of the Countess' peace movement. It was wonderful, he said, how unshakably peaceful Sweden had grown under the influence of her enlightened women. Of course, her geographical location was most reassuring anyway. How much less fortunate was his own country! Poor Czechoslovakia lay in the very centre of possible warlike events. Moreover, the minds of his countrymen were being constantly confused and poisoned by a lot of warmongering fools . . .

At this point the visitor—his eyes glowing with idealistic fire—interrupted himself.

It was not merely as an admirer, he then said, that he had arrived. His errand was infinitely more important. Actually, he had come as a petitioner. What was needed in Czechoslovakia—needed more urgently than anything else—was a large-scale peace movement after the Swedish model. Could not the Countess, and would she not please come to Prague and organize it?

The Countess shrugged.

"My dear man!" she said, "you are an idealist and as such not very practical-minded, I am afraid. Why, it has taken me many years to build up my movement in Sweden. Ever so slowly the idea took roots. By now the tiny plant I set has grown into a beautiful tree. But how do you expect me to grow a tree overnight, and on foreign soil? To begin with," she said, yielding somewhat to the passionate concern reflected on her visitor's face, "in the first place a fortune would be needed. To arouse the masses we'd have to spend millions. To counteract the propaganda of the warmongers, you'd have to be a Croesus and . . ."

With a grand gesture the visitor cut her short.

"You shall be!" he said. "Poor though I am myself, I'll make you a Croesus. Somehow—I feel it—I shall raise all that is needed. Peace, my dear Countess, must not be permitted to perish for lack of funds. I'll be going now. But you'll hear from me again!"

Upon his return, a few weeks later, the visitor's face seemed bathed in happiness.

"Voilà!" he exulted, handing over to the baffled Countess a blank cheque, all signed and endorsed.

"Our patron," he said, "or, rather, our patrons—for there are several of them—wish to remain anonymous. But their cheque, payable at Prague, is as good as their intentions. Oh, my dear! May God bless your endeavor!"

He withdrew, leaving the Countess to her puzzled thoughts, as a result of which she spent the following weeks investigating the cheque. That all this was "too good to be true," was her intelligent conviction. But the devilishness of her eventual findings far surpassed her most sinister suspicions.

Via several detours, which she found not even hard to trace, the cheque came from the Ministry for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment at Berlin.

DAZED CONSTERNATION on the part of our pacifist changed into blazing anger, which in turn yielded to a feeling of pained remorse, only to be replaced by the grimmest determination. The trend of her thoughts, as she recounted it for me, ran like this:

"Why? Why should they wish secretly to finance a peace movement in

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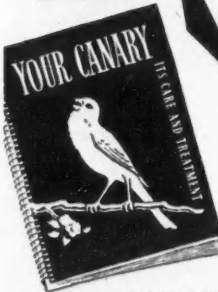
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**BROCK'S
BIRD SEED**

and then, as the sense of human tension increased, playing solitaire in corners. But it never occurred to anyone simply to pack up and go home. The weather is something you take your chances on at summer camp and when you lose you don't throw in your hand. You hang on to the end in the hope of the one large glittering splendid day that will make up for all the rest.

The truth is that Canadian summer camp life runs counter to all standards of civilized comfort. There is the food, for instance, which varies between dull monotony and wild improvisation. Since the vitamin gospel has never penetrated to the far north there are rarely any fresh vegetables—you eat root vegetables and vegetables from cans. Fresh cream and milk go to the cities, so the camper takes powdered skim milk in his coffee, with boiled lake water as an alternative. The side of bacon kept as an emergency meat ration tends to grow moss on its north side during a spell of chilly dampness, with a curious resulting flavor, penetrating and fungoid, which no amount of scraping and broiling can eliminate. Supplies are erratic, which means that you are constantly thrown back on an emergency ration of pancakes made from whatever ingredients come to hand. Pancakes are fine when they are served hot, fresh and not too frequently. Served cold on a windy porch three times a day they have the texture and palatability of a leftover fried egg. "Batter is indestructible, batter occupies space," we would say gaily, whipping up another batch of pancakes. It was the standard camp witticism that summer when the bread and potato supply ran persistently short. No one groaned over the joke; more curiously still, no one groaned over the pancakes. Summer camp is probably the only place on earth where people cheerfully accept the merely edible as reasonable diet.

YOU CAN'T relax at a summer cottage, because all nature is brilliantly organized against you. Ice piles up in the spring, dislodging the wharf and upsetting the boathouse. Porcupines come down to gnaw at the cottage foundation posts. Field mice swarm in to nest and rear their young in the mattresses.

At summer cottages I have hauled water, wood and ice. I have painted roofs, whitewashed outhouses and fought bush fires with buckets of water rushed up from the lake. I have cleaned shoals of mud-cat and rock-bass. I have wrestled tea biscuits from a wood range with a sullen flue and a prolapsed oven. I don't enjoy doing any of these things. Most of them I dislike intensely. And though I have frequently argued that the whole summer camp business is sheer native fetishism and that next year I would stay in the city, well-housed, contented and well-fed, the north country has always out-argued me in the end. Some time in June the stirrings of summer migration begin, inevitable as summer itself. You notice that the city trees have begun to gather dust, that there are too many buildings, too many faces, too many sharp angular shadows laid along the asphalt.

"Let's head north for the lake." "When?" "Well, why not tomorrow?"

We head north simply because we love the face of our own country.

It isn't an easy country to live with. It hasn't the bosomy charm of the south or the quiet companionability of old cultivated lands. But it has a harsh scarred burnt-over beauty of its own. And it is big, on a fantastic scale that seizes and stretches the imagination

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about your feet!

Pamper those two feet of yours. They play an important role in your busy day. Wear Styl-EEZ, a Selby Shoe. The famous "Flare-fit" inner-sole magically lends extra support to grace and brace your feet. The same features which make them supremely comfortable also keep them trim, smart, long wearing.

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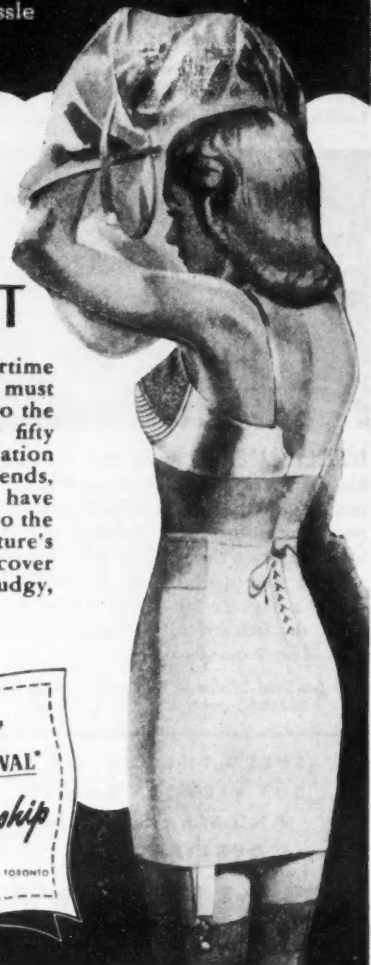
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FIGURE control with Grandma
was a case of tussle
and bustle.

For you to-day it's CONTROL with COMFORT

Today's bustle is a rush of wartime activities. The new straight lines must be worn with comfort essential to the well-dressed, busy woman. For fifty years we have designed foundation garments in advance of fashion trends, that Canadian women would have their curves directed comfortably to the figure vogue of the season. Nature's Rival and LeGant foundations cover every type of figure—slim or pudgy, tall or short.



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50 Years of Corsetry Leadership

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For fruits and puddings, trifles, pies, Savoy Custard Satisfies



Takes only 5 quick, easy minutes to prepare

★ FRESH FRUIT WITH CUSTARD SAUCE (illustrated above)

A luscious but very simple dessert! Serve a big bowl of icy cold Savoy Custard Sauce with any seasonable fresh fruits.



SAVOY PECTIN • SAVOY GRAVY BROWNING • SAVOY SAUCE • SAVOY MARROWFAT PEAS

Comes summer and the days are warm, and you feel like twiddling lazy fingers and saying "bye bye kitchen"—stop raking your mind and worrying your pretty head about dessert. Savoy's here! Ready and waiting to add that cool delicious touch to summer menus in the twinkling of a trice. For spur-of-the-moment, jiffy meals serve Savoy—alone—or to give that extra something to fresh fruits, gingerbreads and cakes, bread puddings, jelly. Keep an emergency package of Savoy always on hand.

SAVOY CUSTARD SAUCE

- 2 level tablespoons Savoy Custard powder
- 1 pint milk
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Mix the custard powder in a smooth paste with a little of the milk. Add sugar to the remaining milk and bring to the boil. Slowly stir in the custard powder and cook another 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Chill well before serving.

Langley, Harris & Co., Ltd., Toronto—Selling Agents

the signature of a good dinner
Made in Canada

Our Place by the Lake :: Continued from page 13

You have only to push a little farther north or east, however, to find primitive country lying just beyond the bus terminals. One of the camps we used to go to was on a lake in an eastern Ontario township, less than 20 miles from a fair-sized Canadian city and three or four miles off the main highway. Once you left the highway you were in a land that no roads commission or motor league had ever recognized. The trail was wildly patterned by the huge boulders that had been left behind when the icecap slid down from the top of the world in another geological age so that you inched along sounding your motor horn at every turn like a blind man tapping his stick along the pavement.

There were three widely separated cottages on one side of the lake. On the other side the brush and woods came down to the water and above and beyond the whole region was crowned with granite. The beach had been an Indian camping ground; and if you dug deep enough you could still come upon Indian arrowheads and the broken shards of pottery.

To the north, there was rough pasture, but when you went a few miles beyond you came on the original skeletal structure of the country, jointed and ribbed with granite. To be sure the land here had been "settled"; that is to say, every mile or so you would come on a tiny shack somehow grappled to a flat table of rock. People lived there, though how they lived was the queerest of miracles. Even the stunted spruce and pines could barely survive striking down through the precambrian rock to whatever scant sustenance lay beneath.

A strange, lonely, disquieting country . . . One day the children decided to go over to the next cottage, which was on the tip of a long tongue of land running out into the lake. As they were crossing the little peninsula a flight of stones came over, some of them landing on the ground and some in the bay beyond. The children gathered up a few of the stones as they fell and rushed back to the cottage with their story. When one of the adults went back with them to investigate, another flight of stones came

over, arriving from nowhere and dropping into the bay.

Except for tangled wild grape vine and a few scattered spruces the beach here is as flat as the palm of one's hand. A search behind the spruces and even into the undergrowth of grape vine revealed no sign of any intruder. There was no human being in sight. So the stone-throwing had obviously been done by some angry dispossessed spirit brooding over the land and venting his irresistible spite at its violation by strangers. Since no one was hurt, the stone-throwing caused little alarm. More oddly still, no one was disturbed by the explanation that it was the work of a disapproving regional poltergeist.

In Canada we live, geographically at least, next door to the primitive. Even in the cities we are conscious of that irresistible northern tug which begins as soon as the frost is out of the ground and lasts till the supply boats put up for the winter.

Climate has very little to do with it. In our northern temperate zone the summer burns itself out quickly in two or three weeks of fervent weather. The rest of the year we need a cooling northern resort about as much as (in the useful phrase) an Eskimo needs an ice-box. I can remember starting off for a Muskoka island on a June evening when the north wind was whipping the lake into whitecaps and there were snow flurries in the air. And in August and even July I have seen the morning sun lay a vapor across the lake as thick and cold as winter fog.

Then it rains. There was one interminable June when it rained 29 days out of the 30. We were beleaguered by water, shut in by solid miles of it above and on every side. We might almost as well have been in a submarine foundered at the bottom of the lake. We would drag in the soaking firewood to dry, then when it had dried we would dry the diapers—for at any summer cottage where there are babies diapers get fireplace priority. All that dismal month we sat about in a gentle steam of drying infants' wear, playing pinochle at first

♦ Continued on next page

We'll Always Be Glad :: Continued from page 19

"Of course," she said, "In the family's cellar. I'll cover it up with a comforter."

"Good idea." He looked profoundly relieved. "And when I've finished paying for this we'll start on a stove. We can come down tomorrow and go over some catalogues."

"Well, there are certain priorities on those," the clerk said doubtfully, "though sometimes one turns up."

"Oh, I'm sure one will turn up," Molly said confidently. "I'll watch the advertisements and things." She closed the door of the refrigerator with a firm snap, feeling very wise and housewifely, feeling like a person with a great many arrangements to make. "But really the refrigerator is the most important of all," she said.

Tod gave the clerk the cheque and squared his shoulders, and his hand on Molly's elbow was gentle but firm. "Come on, honey. We can look at it some more tomorrow."

Outside the rain had turned into a steady drizzle, but neither of them noticed that. They swung off down the street toward home. Tod's voice was

deep with satisfaction. "We've made a start anyhow," he said. "But it just shows, doesn't it, how much we'll have to decide."

"That's right," Molly said dreamily. "Shall we have it a white house, darling, with a garden?"

"Why not? Hollyhocks, for instance."

Molly laughed shakily. "Why do men always have that feeling about hollyhocks?" she said. "They get it out of pictures, I guess. A neat little picket fence, and the flowers nodding over the top."

"Sounds all right to me," Tod admitted. But at the corner of Main he stopped, so that he could see her face in the blurred uneven light. And finally he said, a little unsteadily, "We won't have it all to do, anyhow, Molly. We've made a start, and I guess we'll always be glad of that."

"Yes, we'll always be glad," Molly said softly. And when he had taken her in his arms and was holding her so close, her heart kept saying it, over and over, so that the dreams were bright and patterned with sunshine in the dark rainy night. ♦



Courtesy Reid's Holiday Togs Ltd.

FASHION SHORTS

From New York.

By KAY MURPHY

Breakfast Coats—a new name and a new theme for leisure hours—if any! For summer, these are crisp and fresh in dotted Swiss organdie; also I note a new lounging pyjama theme, the trousers in black satin or crepe, the bloused top in dotted Swiss or plain organdie. Polka-dotted nighties, with matching robes, make an interesting combination—many war brides are including the above in their trousseaus.

An Apron That Is Different—black taffeta trimmed with white lace—gingham apron trimmed with taffeta ruffles—faded blue denim apron with a red geranium, flowerpot and all, appliquéd on as a pocket.

The Idea! A new fad that is viddy viddy smart and rather startling! Long gloves, a different color! Saw a smart pale blue afternoon dress, worn with one elbow-length blue glove to match the gown—a red glove on the other hand!

Bareback This Summer? So many of the new summer play dresses are low at the back that the gals are taking to wearing petticoats with them, instead of slips. And the bra is either attached to the petticoat with a "halter"—or looped around the arms. This type bra is also recommended for backless bathing suits.

And Then the Rains Came! They are really doing things with raincoats lately. Instead of the usual gabardine we have accepted for years—now comes quite elaborate "officers' coats" in bright-colored satin twills or other high-shade fabrics. Going even farther, one manufacturer turns out his raincoat with a matching hat and handbag. All waterproofed—you are really set for a rainy day!

Sequins On Cottons! I mentioned this before—and now I can report that people are really wearing them! Dressy ginghams and chambrays

trimmed with sequins and bright beads. Many of the summer dinner dresses are in brightly colored plaids, with sequins dotted here and there.

Double Duty Jumpers. They're in again—those young jumpers that did well for themselves last summer. Instead of the usual surplice front, they are making them so that, with a blouse, they are dresses—without the blouse, they are sunsuits. Instead of shoulder straps, many of these show wide bands that tie into perky bows atop the shoulders.

If You Want a Summer Coat—try making it of black satin! One of the smartest tricks I've seen this season. Some are in the "flight officer" style—others are on the boxy theme. Lengths vary from 25 to 33 inches.

Flowers—and more flowers! Everyone is wearing flowers in the hair—no matter how many hats you have, there will always be the occasion when you must wear flowers! The head bandeau with flowers at either side seems to be the favorite—yet many lean toward the snood, sprinkled with flowers, or flowers attached to a comb to give that "pompadour" look.

White Jewellery—for summer. I read, but haven't tried, that some smart gals are painting any wooden jewellery they have white—so pass it on to you for what it's worth! Grand with suntan, of course.

It's a Fad!—Young girls taking the cardboard tops from milk bottles, making a hole in the centre, and winding brightly colored wool or cotton to make medallions. These they use to make headbands, or to cover their outmoded handbags or to wear as necklaces. Looks very cute and colorful.

Away Ahead! Starched cotton and lace "Dutch caps" to wear with your



*Soft...
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Enchanting softness of Three Flowers Face Powder adds much to your charm.

Unbelievably fine in texture, lovely Three Flowers Face Powder has a velvety softness that's a flattering compliment to your complexion.

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EASE your next menstrual period! Be comfortable; keep active! At the first sign of discomfort, take Midol —and see how swiftly these tablets bring welcome relief from all three kinds of functional suffering!

CRAMPS: One ingredient of Midol acts swiftly to relieve cramps, the typical functional pain of the menstrual process.

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"BLUES": Midol's third ingredient, a mild stimulant, picks you up; helps chase "blues."

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What's wrong with kissing in public?

It's *Etiquet*

to save your kisses for private moments. Kissing in public embarrasses onlookers and him. Avoid embarrassment in other ways too. Keep yourself dainty-sweet with *Etiquet*—the new, safe, anti-septic deodorant cream. *More effective!



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DEODORANT CREAM

that stops underarm
perspiration 1 to 3 days...

*Scientific tests prove *Etiquet* 24% more effective as deodorant than other deodorant creams tested. *Etiquet* spreads smoothly... not crumbly; pure... not irritating to normal skin; works fast... no need to rinse.

LOOK FOR THE BLUE PLAID JAR AT
TOILET GOODS COUNTERS... 39c



The world waited nearly sixty years for an antiseptic like this

Since germs first came to be understood, any number of chemicals, mostly poisonous, have been found to kill them. But, strange to tell, the germs which cause disease are of a substance very like the life-giving cells of the human body.

To find the formula which would kill the germ and save

the body tissue—that was the problem which baffled medical science for two generations. That is the problem which is solved by this modern antiseptic 'Dettol'.

To the germs of infection 'Dettol' is deadly, but to tender human tissue 'Dettol' is kind and gentle and safe.

Wrong Guy Continued from page 46

had a terrible struggle for existence can't possibly be worth anything."

Before she could answer, Mr. Halsey came by and examined the fruit in their baskets. "That's pretty good work," he said, "for a bunch of beginners." He glanced around the orchard, his lips unmoving in his long, solemn face, yet giving a faint impression of a smile. "Democracy, eh? Everybody working together when it's needed—in unison, you might say—"

He moved on, and in a moment they heard his voice again, a little farther along, raised in anger.

"You can't throw fruit down like that. You'll ruin it."

"Saves time, don't it? You can put any that's bruised on the bottom of the basket."

"See here, Stubbins, you do this job right like everybody else."

"I'm no blasted fruit picker."

"Neither is anybody else here. There's all kinds of folks on this farm today, but nobody's disobeying orders or throwing fruit around except you."

"Oh, so I'm not as good as the rest of 'em, is that it?" drawled Stub. His voice was loud and rasping. "Well, let me tell you, Halsey, you don't know how good I am. I got a pretty high-falutin' babe after me, see? I been playing it just right—and now I got her where I want her. When some folks in this town know the setup, I guess they won't dare kick me around any more..."

The voices fell then, and the pickers who had stopped to listen went back to work. High on the ladder, Richard said to Hildy, "One poke, Hildy. Let me take just one little poke."

"Please, Richard," she whispered. "Then everybody would know. Now nobody does but you."

The toothless old man who had been arguing with Hildy's father shook his head. "That was the Stubbins kid," he said. "Always gettin' into some kind o' trouble. Just a wrong kid, that's all."

Hildy turned a white, tragic face to him. "He never had a chance," she said. "Nobody ever gave him a chance."

"I dunno." The old man shrugged thin, ragged shoulders. "Seems to me most anybody gets a chance to be decent."

HILDY AND Richard walked home through the dusk. Presently he took her hand. "I wish I knew what to say. I wish I could make everything all right for you."

She raised her eyes to him slowly. She did not smile. Not yet.

The boy who stood in the shadows near the farm fence turned to the fellow with him and said, in answer to a question, "What babe? Oh, that! There's no such babe. What would one like that want with me? I was just ribbing some guys I knew was listening. Didn't you notice how loud I was yelling?" He jerked away from the fence. "Come on," he said. "I'm getting out of this town."

He looked after Hildy just once more. He stood perfectly still and intent, as if to miss no slightest sound or sight of this final moment—and he saw Richard take her hand. Stub smiled a little, gently.



You women during 'MIDDLE AGE' who hate HOT FLASHES



If you—like so many women between the ages of 38 and 52—suffer from hot flashes, weak, nervous irritable feelings, are a bit blue at times—all due to the functional middle age period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

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Happy! I had ugly hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many different products... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanette, 93-95 Church Street, Dept. C-534, Toronto, Canada.

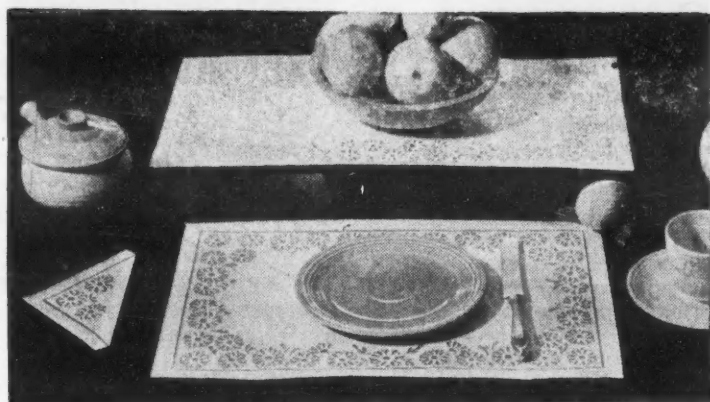
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NEEDLECRAFT By MARIE LE CERF



FIESTA PLACE MATS — A rainbow of daisies in the gayest shades of yellow, blue, green, orange, flame, rust and brown make these place mats of deep ecru or cool oyster shade Irish peasant linen a perfect summertime set for your luncheon table. The place mats are about 12 by 18 inches and the centre mat about 12 by 22 inches. In heavy deep ecru linen, the centre mat is 45 cents, the place mats are 35 cents each and the serviettes 20 cents each. In peasant linen, the centre mat is 35 cents, place mats 25 cents and serviettes 15 cents each. A four-place set takes about 50 cents worth of cottons. Order No. 56C.



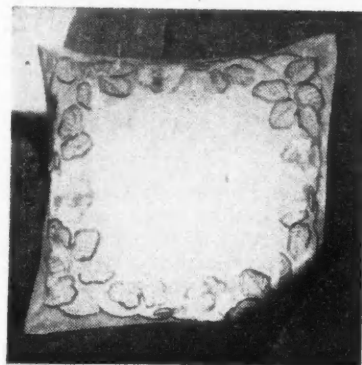
DAISY-FRESH APRON — Gay and flowerlike is this dainty summer apron in African daisy design. It's stamped on fine factory cotton and one effective combination is to work the flowers in rust with gold centres, and the leaves and stems in green. Of course you can have other colors if you prefer. It's 50 cents, and cottons for working are 20 cents. Order No. 57C.

Send to Marie Le Cerf, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, enclosing postal note or money order. On out-of-town cheques add 15c for bank exchange.

MAKE YOUR family feel that it's a gay summer by serving their meals as attractively as you can, and adding touches of color here and there to take the winter doldrums out of your house. A husband and children respond immediately to a bright bit of something — like this new green oasis cushion — or the fiesta table linen, or the dainty daisy apron.

Important Notice

The needlecraft studio will be closed for the month of July. That is, there won't be any needlecraft by Marie LeCerf shown in July Chatelaine, and no orders will be filled in that time. Any orders placed after the first of July will be held and filled as soon as possible after August 1st. But watch for the reopening in August, when we'll be starting the fall season with some pretty special things to make.



COLORFUL CUSHION — It's a deep green art felt, and you can work the leaves in a lighter shade and the flowers in your favorite color. The size is eighteen inches square, and it's got wonderful blendability. Price \$1.25. Cottons for working, 30 cents (be sure to tell us the color for the flowers), and a form can be supplied at 65 cents. Order No. 55C.

Thinking of **WASHING** your *Rayon Garments?*

By all means do it—if the informative tag on the garment says it's "Hand-Washable". If you take your conservation cues from informative labels, you won't go far wrong—and for best results in hand-washing, follow these simple directions.

Use lukewarm water—not over 105°F. Make plenty of suds with a neutral soap that will soften hard water and prevent curds from forming. (Curds leave a greyish film on the garment). No need for a bleach and don't soak garment! Squeeze suds through soiled parts . No need to rub. Rinse thoroughly in lukewarm water and *s-q-u-e-e-z-e* water out. Don't wring... Don't twist. **NEVER** put a fine rayon fabric through a ! Dry rayon fabrics away from the or direct heat. Never leave garment rolled up damp and never let coloured garments stand in a heap after washing. For best results hang garment up by waist to distribute weight evenly.

GET YOUR FABRIC FACTS FROM INFORMATIVE LABELS... like this



A **RELIABLE** label such as Courtaulds "Quality-Control" tag is your best source of information and the most accurate guide to the selection of serviceable rayon merchandise. It tells you if the fabric is hand-washable or dry-cleanable. It gives reliable instructions on the proper care and handling of the fabric.

Every Courtaulds "Quality-Control" tag definitely states the use for which the fabric is approved and through pre-testing, predicts that the fabric will not change visibly in colour or texture throughout normal wear.

For Complete Information

on the care of rayon fabrics... when and how to wash, how to press, and when to have dry-cleaned... send for our instructive leaflet. It tells all... Simply fill in the coupon on the right.

If the Garment isn't Tagged...

And you're in doubt about washing it—you'll find that most smooth rayon fabrics, such as those with a taffeta weave, can be washed, while novelty weaves such as crepes should be dry-cleaned. Try this easy test! Clip an inconspicuous piece of the fabric, place in warm soap solution for a short time. If the colour runs, don't attempt to wash it! Send it to a reputable dry-cleaner!

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as fine as star-dust
to guard invisibly
the clear loveliness
of your complexion—
—and second—
a perfume
that's regally rare
to add brilliance
to beauty
and memory
to exquisite moments.



Yardley
OF LONDON

ENGLISH COMPLEXION POWDER AND BOND STREET PERFUME

summer outfits. And others that look like modified versions of a nurse's cap! Very crisp and cool looking.

Three Or Four Rows of looped yarn fringe, in contrasting colors, make a pretty neckline for a late summer dress! This is a new feature I see introduced on some of the smarter fall dresses.

Saw a White Pique Hat trimmed with white pearl buttons—worn with a navy summer suit with a dickey also pearl buttoned trimmed. Very elegant!

The Same Color Under a New Name—of course we all know, and accept, wartime color restrictions. But we are not taking it lying down! The new colors for summer include such names as "Frosting Pink"—"Lemon Snow"—"Polar White"—"Apricot Glace." Sound appetizing, eh?

A huge bow perched on the hip of a slim dress—good for fall!

Brown in coats, suits, dresses, hats and accessories so prominent in the fall showings that it may well be a *brown* autumn and winter!

Drawstrings featured on necklines—waistlines—cuffs and even on overshoes we'll be wearing come the fall! Some pockets on dresses are made "puffy" so that the tops may be gathered through a contrasting drawstring. A new "hobble skirt" effect, via the drawstring, has also been introduced but frankly, I don't see that busy women want to be taken out of their wartime stride!

+ Continued on page 52

Descriptions of Patterns on page 35



1023—Misses' and women's dress and bag in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, dress, bag and kerchief: 4 1/2 of 35 inch or 4 1/2 of 39 inch or 4 1/2 of 41 inch bordered material. "Simple to Make." Price, 25 cents. A "Mother and Daughter Fashion." For "Daughter" see Simplicity 4947.

4967—Teen-age sun dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12: 2 1/2 of 35 inch, 2 1/2 of 39 inch or 2 1/2 of 41 inch lengthwise striped material. Price, 25 cents.

4968—Child's sun suit and bonnet: Sizes 1, 2, 4, 6. Size 4, sun suit and bonnet: 1 1/2 of 35 inch, 39 inch or 41 inch material. Purchased ruffling: 3 1/2 yards of 1/2 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1005—Junior misses' sun dress in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 2 1/2 of 35 inch; 2 1/2 of 39 inch or 41 inch. Embroidered edging: 4 1/2 yards of 1/2 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1016—Misses' and women's "Simple to Make" dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 of 35 inch, 2 1/2 of 39 inch or 2 1/2 of 41 inch lengthwise striped material. A purchased belt is used. Price, 25 cents.



**I'm no
Dude!**

**I know a few
Answers!**

I may be the farmer's daughter—but, when the subject concerns calves—I know it's "NEET CALVES" that take the blue ribbon.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're "smooth". Feel self assured knowing your legs are perfectly groomed—are truly NEET looking.

"Better get NEET today"! This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, armpits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.



Backyard Garden

By FRANCES C. STEINHOFF



NATURE-LOVING Mr. and Mrs. Jones found themselves in a crowded city with a 50-ft. lot at their disposal. Neither he nor she cared particularly for a formal garden and their busy career lives left little time for daily garden maintenance. The out-of-doors itself had, however, a very great appeal and the first thing they decided upon was to develop the garden along naturalistic lines, but to maintain a well-groomed appearance notwithstanding, by the choice of plants of fine growing habits.

Their next important decision was to have a generous-sized flagstone platform adjacent to the house from which to enjoy the rest of the garden as well as day or night vistas. Very fortunately a door from the living room led directly to this terrace, making it ideally accessible for living purposes. Their garden furniture included a work table, several comfortable chairs and a couch, so the paved area extended to 15 feet to give ample space for moving about as well as for entertaining on occasions.

Consideration was then given to screening out city-suggesting boundary fences by means of vines and shrubs. Both perennial and annual varieties of vines were planted. For quick effects the annual *cobaea scandens*, with medium-sized oval green leaves, was used and for more permanent effects the silver-lace vine, *polygonum auberti*, which in late summer becomes covered with foamy masses of white lacelike flowers. For the shaded areas the refined self-clinging form of the Virginia creeper, *ampelopsis quinquefolia engelmanni*, was grown.

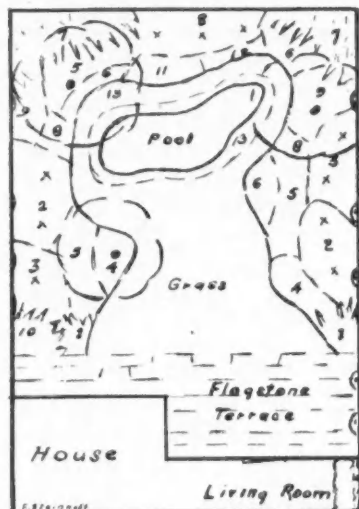
Knowing the delights of water for reflecting purposes it was decided to build a large pool, to resemble a miniature lake in shape and to act as the major feature in the garden. Aware also of the tendency of water lilies to increase and cover the water, they were content to forego their pleasure in favor of mirrored shadow effects.

SKY SILHOUETTES were next considered as well as the pros and cons of various trees from the standpoint of their ultimate size, shape and suitability for a small lot as well as the quality of the foliage. Eventually two white birch were chosen to frame the pool, while white cedars, *thuya occidentalis*, were

then grouped in either corner at the rear to give permanent all-season masses of green and to act as a background for the gleaming white trunks of the birches. The important supplementary planting across the rear was completed with several *euonymus alatus* plants. This densely horizontal-growing gem of a shrub has a peculiar corklike winged bark with a very effective oval foliage. It has a picturesque habit of growth up to eight feet, with unusually healthy and clean foliage. This turns a most glorious old rose to vivid crimson color in autumn. After the leaves fall, numerous brightly colored fruits become conspicuous.

In their rambles in the woods the Joneses had for many years been aware of the lovely foliage designs of native plants, and so they were anxious to introduce into their city garden only those shrubs and evergreens that would give handsome textures of green. They were not as desirous of featuring flower effects as of satisfying more permanent masses of foliage patterns.

The contours of the planting bed for the shrubs surrounding the pool and



along the sides fell into flowing naturalistic lines with an occasional promontory. Mrs. Jones was inordinately fond of flowering crabs, so *malus Eleyi*, a particularly obliging, quick-growing variety



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like a nice mother!"*



BABY: Sorry to keep you in that crib so long, Mom—but I want you to get my point of view!

MOM: I've got it! Wiggling around in one spot all day has my skin so uncomfortable I could scream. EEEEE!

BABY: See? How do you think my delicate skin feels? Now—do I or don't I get my Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder?

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Cuticura helps clear up skin blemishes. Buy today—economical! All druggists. *Mildly Medicated.*

MOTHERS! Try Cuticura Baby Oil. Splendid for diaper rash.

Six Steps to Smartness

WRITING to tell Chatelaine about a fashion article she liked, a Nova Scotia girl sent us her own six suggestions for good dressing on a small income. We thought they were too good to keep:

1. **Learn to sew.** And to sew really well. But do not fail to leave the final pressing of coats and suits to be done by a real tailor before you put the lining in.

2. **Think before you buy.** Shoes that are pretty but hurt, a summer bag that doesn't stand up to the first shower, and a badly chosen pattern that spoils good dress material are all "unthinking" mistakes for which you pay by looking dowdy.

3. **Dress up to your most expensive item.** This may be shoes, a coat, a beautiful piece of jewellery.

4. **Avoid expensive "patching."** One good tip-toe outfit is much smarter, and worth three "thrown-together" ones.

5. **Never lounge in street clothes.** Nothing spoils your "going out" things as much as working or sitting or lying around in them at home. Get pretty slacks or a house coat, and a nice house dress or apron, for your home work.

6. **Choose your brassiere and girdle** with the most painstaking care of any item of your wardrobe. They will make or break your whole appearance (unless you're under 21 or built like a sylph).

Fashion Shorts

Continued from page 50

For Goodness Sake, Send Me a Bathing Suit! When our Wacs and Waves and military nurses shipped overseas most of them did not include a bathing suit in their tight-packed luggage. Now, we are all receiving frantic pleas from our gal friends to rush them bathing suits! "I thought I had everything," writes one of our girls. "And here I am, near a wonderful ocean and not a thing to wear in it. I bought an affair that I was told was a bathing suit. Honest, even the waves shuddered when they saw me." Maybe some of your faraway girl friends need bathing suits. Try to get the wool kind, if you can. But see that it has plenty of pep and color! While uniforms are the SMARTEST things in the world, they get tired of them, and long for something feminine.

Hats And Flowers—if you want to add a bit of froth to your summer head-dress, do as they do on Fifth Avenue. Pin a couple of flowers atop your head—load it with veiling and tie under your chin, where you put another flower! Am seeing some gals pinning the ends of the veiling to their shoulder, placing the additional flowers at that strategic spot.

Corduroy is again in the cards for fall! It was extremely popular all spring in jackets, jumpers, skirts, slacks, etc. This fall and winter corduroy will appear in dressy clothing, including afternoon dresses and even some glamorous evening gowns! Girls planning a college career this fall will do well to consider corduroy for both casual and dressier clothing.

See how they hang

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**IN FINE QUALITY
BRITISH MATERIALS**



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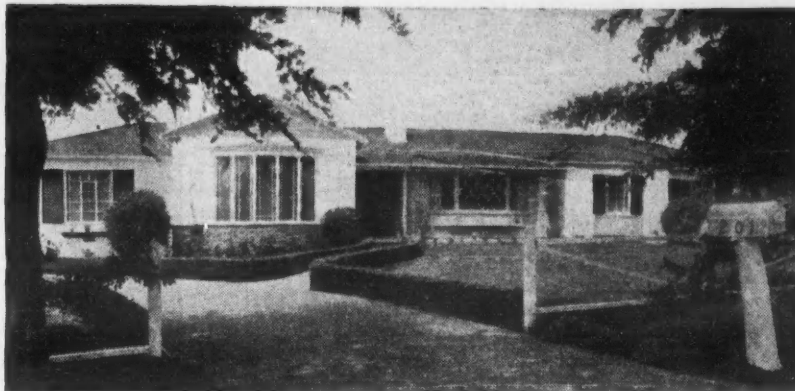
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YOUR HOME

A Department of House Planning,
Decorating and Furnishing



FREDA JAMES,
Editor

Ruth Hussey's Hollywood house is a long, rambling one-story white stucco with bright green roof and shutters. She and her army lieutenant husband bought it when their rented house was sold . . . and turned it into their dream home.

Living rooms should be lived in, Ruth believes. This one takes its color keynote from the beautiful plum, pale green and soft blue shades in the rug.



Ruth Hussey, R.K.O. Radio movie star, took time out from her glamorous roles in "Marine Raiders" and other such pictures to build her own and her husband's personalities into a quickly bought but carefully decorated house.

Dream House—Second Hand

By LOTTA DEMPSEY

EVER HEAR of a nice young couple having their house sold over their heads, finding they couldn't rent another, and having to buy in a hurry? That's what happened to movie star Ruth Hussey and her army lieutenant husband in Hollywood last year—just as it's happening to hundreds of Canadians today.

Naturally, it wasn't quite the dream house they'd planned on, from away back when. But being a smart young pair, the new householders pooled their ideas of long standing, sorted out the ones that wouldn't work, and got busy. With the addition of only two structural changes—a small maid's room off the kitchen and a big window in the library—they added thoughtfully and wisely to their household possessions, decorated simply and started projects that would extend into the future. Today they have one of the most attractive and gracious small houses in the movie capital.

"Strangely enough," Ruth told Chatelaine as we wandered from one beautiful, restful room to another, "first thing we knew, we had produced our dream house after all."

They started with the low rambling house you see here—a one-story white



Happiness is something you plan for...

SOME DAY you'll be either a homemaker or a "senior employee." In either case, the time will come—say at 55—when you'll want *guaranteed* financial security. It may simply mean extra comforts. Or it may mean everything.

Life insurance provides that security, whatever your future may be. If married, you and your husband will certainly find use for the extra money. If single you will want to be independent . . . enjoy yourself . . . perhaps travel.

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MUTUAL LIFE
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with handsome rose-pink flowers followed by good-sized crabs, beloved by birds, was planted on the western promontory where it could be thoroughly enjoyed from the living area.

Pfitzer's junipers, with irregular feathery contour, were planted immediately adjacent to the terrace and on the opposite side a densely growing Austrian pine acted as a partial screen to the service entrance.

FOR TALL background shrubs the handsome *viburnum tomentosum* was chosen as being sufficiently interesting to merit places relatively near the house. Its widespreading horizontal branches and showy clusters of white flowers along the upper side would be followed in turn by very attractive fruit changing from scarlet red to black. In addition there would be a very fine autumn foliage effect as the shrub turned to a rich crimson.

Mr. Jones liked the idea of featuring fine autumn effects and that suggested using some of the densely growing smoke-bush, *cotinus coggygria*. Always arresting in summer with clouds of filmy grey flowers, they are even more spectacular in autumn when the foliage becomes a mass of flame.

For additional tall shrubs the maple-like leaves of the high-bush cranberry, *viburnum opulus*, were selected as providing an interesting contrast of texture, and the brilliant red berries would act as a further attraction for birds.

The Joneses decided not to use too many varieties of shrubs in a restricted lot but rather to repeat groups of a few kinds. They needed some low shrubs for the front and used the coralberry, *symphoricarpus orbiculatus*, with finely compound leaves and delicate sprays of fine coral-like flowers in summer. *Mahonia*, or Oregon grape, with its lustrous evergreen, hollylike leaves and purple fruits was used in the shaded area near the *malus* as well as next to the Pfitzer's junipers.

Wood ferns with their fascinating fronds and striking foliage texture were grown as fillers and the maidenshair with its wiry black stems and delicately vignetted blobs of green were featured in the foreground. For the more fleeting effects a few colorful perennials were massed in the region of the pool. These included a large colony of long-spurred columbines with their beautiful clear-cut deep green foliage, and filmy pink and rose spirea, or *astilbe*, for mid-season effects.

Clouds of perennial blue forget-me-nots were tucked in as the planting adjacent to the stone curbing of the pool. Finally a casual path of flagstone encircling the pool invited one to linger and enjoy this simply designed but carefully planned naturalistic oasis in a neighborhood of city fences.

PLANTING KEY

Plan Number	Common and Latin Name
1 Pfitzer's juniper	<i>juniperus Pfitzeriana</i>
2 Japanese viburnum	<i>viburnum tomentosum</i>
3 Smoke-bush	<i>cotinus coggygria</i>
4 Oregon grape	<i>mahonia aquifolium</i>
5 Coralberry	<i>symphoricarpus orbiculatus</i>
6 Wood ferns	
7 White cedar	<i>thuya occidentalis</i>
8 Winged euonymus	<i>euonymus alatus</i>
9 High-bush cranberry	<i>viburnum opulus</i>
10 Austrian pine	<i>pinus nigra</i>
11 Columbines	<i>aquilegia</i>
12 Spirea	<i>astilbe</i>
13 Forget-me-nots	<i>myosotis</i>



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...LIKE MOTHER'S

SUCH a visionary light in your eyes, as you plan that dream house with the shining kitchen equipped with Wear-Ever Cooking Utensils. For Wear-Ever will be back. With those same features that have won it a special niche in every woman's dreams—quick, even heating, easy cleaning, healthful cooking.

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JUST a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes.

Now Mrs. Neal won't have the bother of wrapping up this suit or storing it away! She just puts it back in the closet on its usual hanger.

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This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woollen mills, laundries, and dry cleaners.

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friends. Ruth felt that the living room in their old house was pretty—but nobody wanted to sit in it. She decided to correct this, definitely, in the present one. The colors were chosen from the big oriental rug. The woodwork is white and the walls are soft green. Drapes are in the soft plum (flowers) and green (leaves) on a white background. The blue of the rug is picked up in the lovely old Victorian sofa which

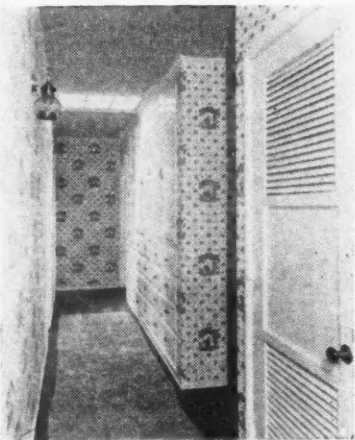


Another corner of the library. The alcove and shelves are papered in a gay red and white crisscross pattern. There are cupboards for games and recordings, below the shelves.

she picked up at a secondhand shop, and had done in velvet.

Library Most Lived-in Room

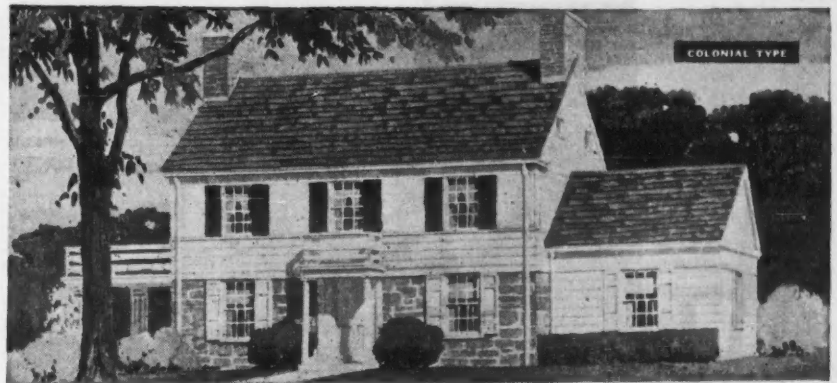
In spite of the easy quality she has given to the living room, you feel that it is to the library and games room that Ruth and her husband go oftenest. It was here that she had the small windows cut to the great bow window with its diamond panes. You can see by the photograph that she has picked up the diamond effect in her drapes, which are in beige with a gay red printed effect. The library is panelled in Early American redwood with a beamed ceiling. Ruth loves her big trestle table, in light maple, where she can work with her scrapbooks, read or enjoy games and puzzles by the sunlight flooding in from the windows. Her desk, too, is a favorite



The Hollywood star loves gay papers and lots of cupboard space. This hall has both. The paper is an amusing design of children under apple trees, in yellow on white.

piece in this room, and it's here that she answers her fan mail and does accounts and income tax! She's a good housewife, manages all the family finances while her husband is on service, and keeps all her accounts in a little black book.

Here, too, is her husband's favorite chair—a deep red leather, set cosily



Want to be Surprised?

THEN LEARN HOW LITTLE IT WILL COST TO RUSTPROOF
ANY OF THESE POSTWAR HOMES

First of all, what would you guess to be the extra cost of rustproofing an average 6 or 7 room house including:

Anaconda Copper Tubes for both hot and cold water lines.

Copper for roof and chimney flashings, ridges and valleys.

Copper for rain gutters and downspouts.

Bronze Wire for screens.

Five hundred dollars? Three hundred dollars? Well, get set for a surprise! Because *two hundred dollars* will more than cover the extra cost of these durable metals... and in many houses of simplified design the extra cost might be even less than *one hundred dollars*.

And here's what you will get in return: Rust-proof security... freedom from water damaged walls and ceilings... the comforting assurance of rust-free water... insect protection from attic to basement. Remember too, that the trouble-free service of durable copper gutters, flashings, screens and piping will be yours for the years to come.



When the red metal gets the green light...

Today, war needs get first call on all copper and brass. But when conditions permit, time-tested Anaconda Copper, Brass, Bronze will be ready for home builders in many forms of usefulness... including plumbing, sheet metal work, decorative trim and hardware of enduring service and economy.



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Bon Ami leaves no gritty film!

Soft, white Bon Ami is pleasant to use. Washes away as easily as soap and water. Doesn't clog the drains. And it's wonderfully easy on your hands.

Bon Ami
"hasn't scratched yet!"



MADE IN CANADA



Ruth Hussey sits in the big bow window she had cut out of a small one for her library. Drapes were chosen with a diamond pattern to match the panes.

stucco with bright green roof and shutters. Combined with that, they had two beautiful oriental rugs, some very usable furniture (chesterfields and such), a small-sized piano, and two four-poster beds. Ruth had, as well, a passion for beautiful wallpapers, a love of color and a desire to express her husband's Pennsylvania Dutch and her own New England backgrounds.

Starting in the Secondhand Stores

If she didn't have every booklet and sample in town before she began, it was just because she slipped up somewhere, she admits. Armed with those and a plan for "doing" her living and dining rooms around the oriental rugs, and her bedrooms around the four-posters, she

She wanted everything just right, so that she could leave it *put* once it got in. Neither Ruth nor her husband belong to the indoor furniture movers league. She thinks a desk and a bed are the two most important items of household furniture—and she loves lots of space and drawers and chests and cupboards.

But here's a room-by-room account of what she did to the little house. (Actually, she did do most of it, because her husband is in the army.)

The front hall, which you enter from a walk lined with acacia trees, is partially panelled in white, with a white dado and green colonial paper designed on white. The design is of old sailing ships. Opening off the front hall are the library and games room (combined) on one side,



The dining room is colonial and very simple. Soft blues and greens in the fine Persian rug are picked up in the wallpaper. That high chair by the windows means something, too.

started looking in every antique and secondhand store that had a sign up and a door open. She bought old oil lamps and brass and glass—and a big Victorian sofa. She wanted general colonial and has a definite feeling for comfortable, used-looking things, as opposed to stark or shiny modern. Day by day, week by week, she gathered the things that would make up her house. She thinks she spent most time on the wallpapers, because she loves beautiful and unusual designs.

and the big gracious living room on the other. The living room is done in a light Williamsburg green ceiling, with plum, pale green and soft blue-greens predominating in the general color scheme.

Modern furniture combines with Ruth's antiques to give a lovely lived-in feeling. The wing chair is covered with the same chintz as the drapes are made of. The cobalt blue vase lamps have gold net shades, and the needle point on the footstools and piano bench was made by

HOME FRONT

Chatelaine's Ottawa correspondent brings you facts and forecasts concerning the changing picture of wartime living

For a rainy day. There is a large increase in the quantity of rubber footwear this season. Women's umbrellas come in three types, with 10 ribs; men's in one grade, with eight ribs.

Children's underwear. Directives sent to manufacturers should assure a considerable increase in supplies. Plenty of "sleepers" will be available, among other things, and will reach retail stores earlier than usual.

Canned Goods. Commercial canners are being permitted to put up foodstuffs in larger quantities and greater variety in this year's pack. The list includes about 13 different fruits, 20 kinds of vegetables, and a wide range of fish, meats and other commodities. Fancy grades of some varieties of canned fish will be recognizable by a small blue-and-silver stamp on the can, to distinguish it from the ungraded quality.

Potatoes. We have a surplus in Canada. The distribution difficulty is over. Refrigerator cars were being used to move meat, and the ice had to be chopped out of the bunkers before they could be loaded with potatoes. Present supplies, due to last into June or to July, will have to be consumed before importation of new potatoes starts.

Onions. More to come from South America. Texas onions are on the market, the retail ceiling price being fixed at eight cents a pound, and 10 cents a pound for the Spanish type.

About Meat. Rationing likely to be resumed after the meat "bottleneck" is overcome, as Canada cannot well do otherwise since her Allies have meat rationing. Canada's cattle population is one million larger than three years ago. About 50 million pounds of beef have been exported to date, equal to 100,000 head of cattle, also 400 million pounds of pork products, from about 30 million pigs. Lard, consequently, is very plentiful. You can expect a large increase in the quantity of broilers, roasting chickens, on the market. Egg production is high, having been stepped up to increase overseas shipments.

Milk Products. This year's milk production is estimated at 17 billion pounds, about half going into butter and 15% to cheddar cheese. There will be 45 million pounds of cheddar cheese for Canadian consumers, and 125 million pounds sent to the British, whose allowance is three ounces a week.

Canning Sugar. While the individual allowance of extra sugar for home canning in Canada is 10 pounds, and preserves coupons can be used for additional amounts at the rate of a half pound per coupon, the allowance in Great Britain in 1942 and 1943 for this purpose was one pound per person, and even that amount may not be available to the British housewife this year.

Chocolate Bars. If you cannot get as many as you might wish, here's why. Large quantities are going to the forces overseas. Canada is sending annually 1,265,000 boxes containing 24 bars each to NAAFI (Navy, Army and Air Force Institute) canteens in Britain; 459,000 boxes to other war service canteens there; 300,300 boxes to canteens in Newfoundland, and 495,000 boxes to BRONCO, the war services canteens in the Mediterranean area run by the Canadian Legion, Salvation Army, YMCA and Knights of Columbus.

Ceiling Prices. WPTB points out that the ceiling price of an article is simply the highest that may legally be asked for it. There is no rule to prevent goods being sold below the ceiling. Incidentally, investigation has shown that there is very little "black marketing" at the retail level in Canada.

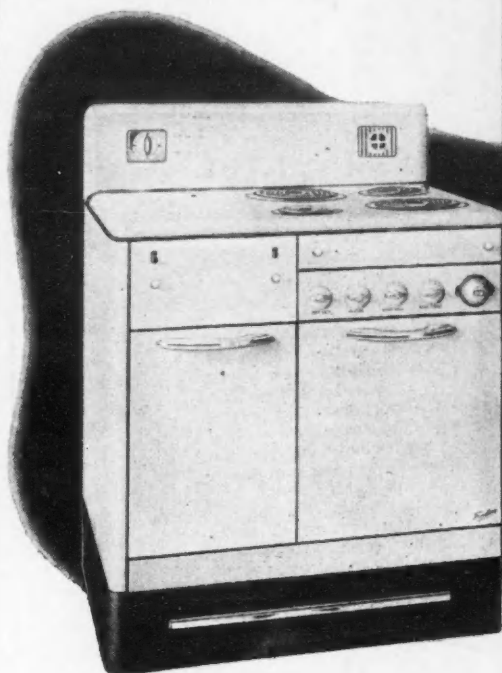
Heat Note. Better not delay in ordering your coal for next winter, since dealers are struggling with a labor shortage and need your co-operation. It would be a good idea to have the chimney, furnace and heating pipes cleaned during the summer. Soot absorbs a lot of heat.

Signs of Wear? If your upholstered furniture is getting shabby, slipcovers will freshen it and extend its life until such time as manufacturers are able to obtain larger supplies of steel for springs to use in chesterfields, chairs, etc.



4
GENERATIONS
of good cooks
have preferred

Findlay
RANGES



Just as in grandma's time, many a happy modern housewife gives much of the credit for her good cooking to her Findlay range. "It's so sensibly designed . . . so practical, . . . so thoroughly **DEPENDABLE!**" she tells her friends. And while Findlay models change with the times, you can be sure this same dependability will always be yours in the beautiful Findlay Ranges of today . . . and tomorrow!

In compliance with the Government's metals conservation program, we are not at present making the Findlay DeLuxe model shown. We are, however, authorized to manufacture a limited number of wartime models — attractive, serviceable stoves fully up to Findlay standards of quality.

See your Findlay dealer — he will be glad to show you the ranges now available — ranges for coal and wood, gas or electricity.

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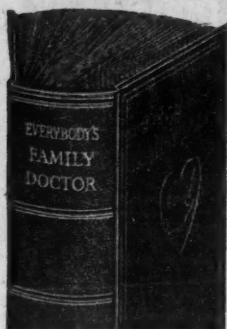
★ You want to live with some things down through the years. These are the treasures of life Among them you'll always include your Imperial Loyalist pieces—with their timeless beauty—their comfort—and their enduring strength. BUT—please buy only essential pieces now. Invest your savings in Victory Bonds, Certificates and Stamps.

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Made in Stratford, Canada
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"EVERYBODY'S FAMILY DOCTOR is modern, reliable, and no home should be without a copy" commented a leading Canadian medical practitioner, who has examined it carefully and recommends it highly. A recent purchaser says: "Very pleased with FAMILY DOCTOR. It is far superior to what I expected."—Mrs. A. E. W., Nova Scotia; another comments: "Delighted with FAMILY DOCTOR. It is everything it is advertised to be; is definitely a bargain."—F. M., Quebec.

576 Pages — Scores of Illustrations — 2500 References

Men and women who have been married for years; single men and women; newly married couples—adolescents and middle-aged—all will find in this book full and frank advice on their problems of Health and Hygiene.

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Money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not satisfied with the book and return it in five days after receipt—in good condition and postpaid.

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● Read labels when you buy vitamin capsules or tablets. Note how many vitamin units there are in each tablet; and how many tablets you take each day.

ONE-A-DAY brand VITAMIN TABLETS offer you top value. They are rich in vitamin units—you take only one tablet per day.

TWO KINDS of Vitamin Tablets

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ONE-A-DAY brand, Vitamin B-Compound Tablets, 30 tablets (1 month's supply) \$1.35 — 90 tablets \$3.25.

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Miles Laboratories

That's why I choose
ONE-A-DAY
Brand
**VITAMIN
TABLETS**



Ruth goes all modern in her own bathroom which has soft yellow tiles and white woodwork. The wallpaper is in white with soft rose flowers and green leaves, with rose, white, blue striped ceiling.

beside the ceiling-height bookshelves, under which are cupboards for games and recordings. The shelves and the unusual alcove, into which the gaily chintzed chesterfield fits, are papered in a gay crisscross pattern of red on white. The chesterfield is in eggshell and blue tones, and there's a lovable platform rocker in beige, another family piece dear to the young matron's heart. The rug is an old-fashioned hooked one.

The furniture all over the house, except for the library, is in dark mahogany.

Dining Room Built Around Rug

The dining room, almost puritan in its simplicity, is done in soft green-blue and plum shades around the rug, which has a beige background. The wallpaper carries these colors out, against a beige background, and is done in a small period pattern, with a white dado.

There are three bedrooms opening off a long "back" hall, and the maid's room off the kitchen. One for the owners, one for a guest, and one for the permanent visitor who will soon be welcomed into the household. (Didn't you notice the high chair in the dining room, waiting?)

The bedrooms have gay wallpapers in different flowering patterns and each,



An unusual frame of starched lace gives the mirror in the powder room a specially feminine look. Curtains are soft and frilly.

including the maid's room, has a large comfortable chair, which Ruth believes is a definite bedroom must. Her own wallpaper is soft rose and green, and she has dotted Swiss curtains and a ruffled bedspread with a tufted top in flowered pastel shades. Her rug is beige and the armchair blue and rose. The master bathroom is papered in soft yellow tones

+ Continued on page 69

"IT'S NO PLACE FOR
A Lady"



We agree with you perfectly, youngster. Ugly toilet bowl stains and discolorations are too awful. They are inexcusable, too, for Sani-Flush makes toilet bowls gleaming white and sanitary—quickly and easily. Use at least twice a week. Removes many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. No messy scrubbing or special disinfectants.

Sani-Flush isn't a bit like ordinary cleansers. It works *chemically*—even cleans the hidden trap. Doesn't hurt septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections. (See directions on the can.) Made in Canada. Sold everywhere—two handy sizes. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS
TOILET
BOWLS

WITHOUT SCRUBBING

CORNS
HERE'S FAST RELIEF!



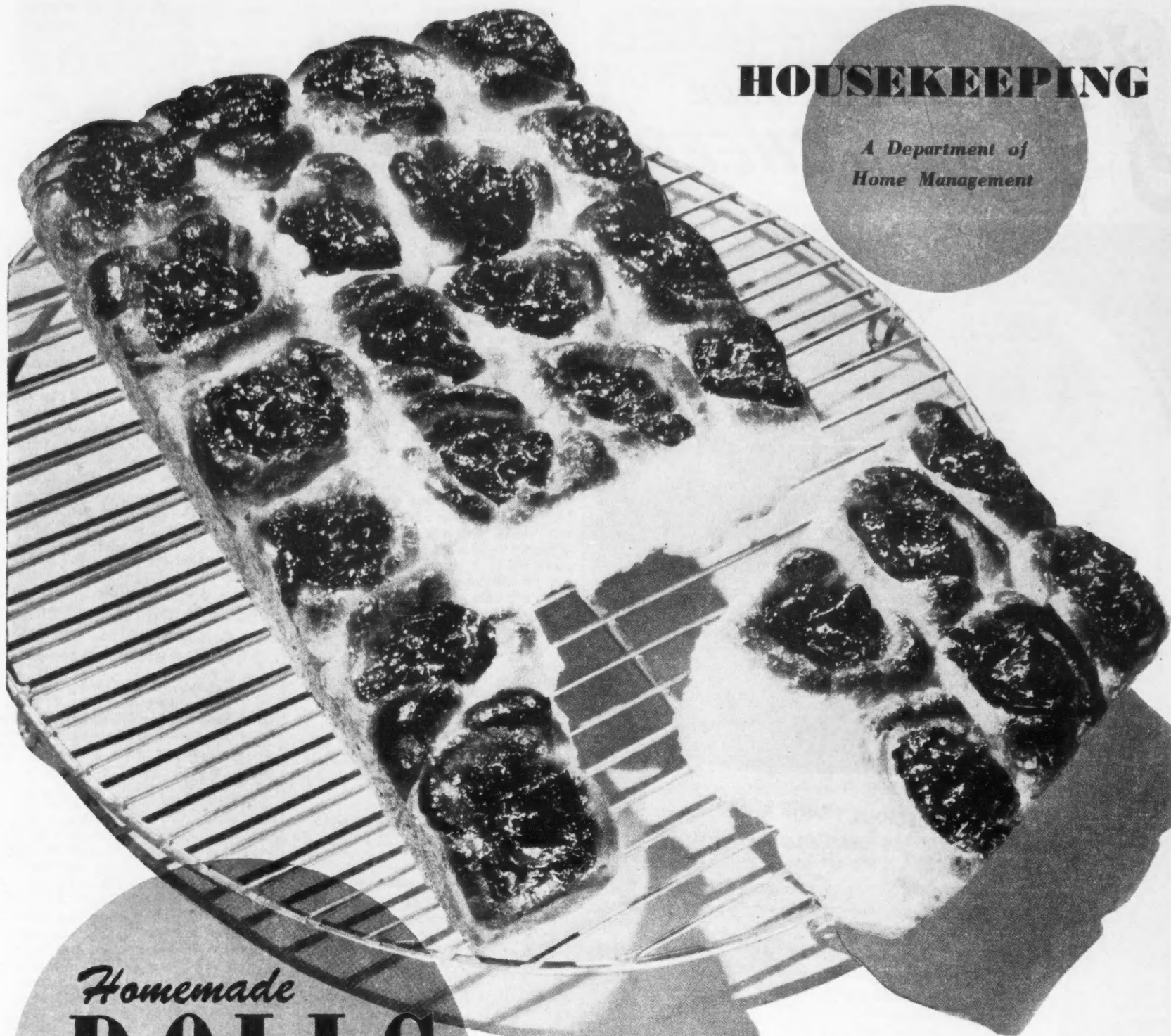
DON'T suffer needless torture from corns or sore toes! Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for fast relief. These thin, soothing, cushioning protective pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction and lift painful pressure—the causes of misery from corns. They ease new or tight shoes—stop corns, sore toes, blisters before they can develop!

Included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are separate wonder-working Medications for speedily removing corns. No other method does all these things for you! Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toilet Goods Counters. Get a box today! Write for free booklet, The Scholl Mfg. Co., Limited, 112 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

HOUSEKEEPING

*A Department of
Home Management*



Homemade ROLLS

by Helen G. Campbell

THE TASTE for homemade rolls in any of their plain or fancy versions is as fundamental as basic English and as universal as appetite itself. Few other desserts can hold a candle to cool colorful fruit and buttery buns with the hot breath of the oven still on them. Roll your own, serve them fresh and brown-crusted and your reputation rises—like your dough. Even mothers-in-law are impressed!

Anyone can make them, for all you need is a good recipe and the common sense to abide by a few simple

rules. From the master formula you can conjure all kinds of variations and produce a range of delicious accompaniments to set on your table.

Plain Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of milk or 1 cupful of
canned evaporated milk and
1 cupful of water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of shortening
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Cake of compressed yeast
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of lukewarm water
- $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 Cupfuls of bread or all-purpose flour

Scald the milk. Measure the shortening, salt and sugar into a large mixing bowl, add the scalded milk and cool to lukewarm. Soften the yeast in the lukewarm water and combine with the first mixture. Add the flour, a little at a time, mix well until a soft dough is formed. Turn out on a lightly floured board and knead until smooth and elastic. Return to the bowl,

Here's a reputation-maker for you—Cottage Cheese Rolls with a gorgeous-flavored prune filling. Recipe on page 62. Bake the rolls close together; when done break apart and serve hot.

and brush the surface with melted shortening. Cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk. Shape into plain rolls, fingers, crescents, bowknots or twists. Keep warm and let rise until light and twice their size. Bake in a hot oven—400-410 deg. Fahr.—for 20 minutes. Makes $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 dozen rolls.

This dough will keep in the refrigerator several days. Cover it closely. Then whenever you take the notion to bake yourself a pan of buns bring it out, shape, let rise and pop in the oven.

Important

Use bread or all-purpose flour. Makes a more elastic dough and gives the right "set" to your rolls.

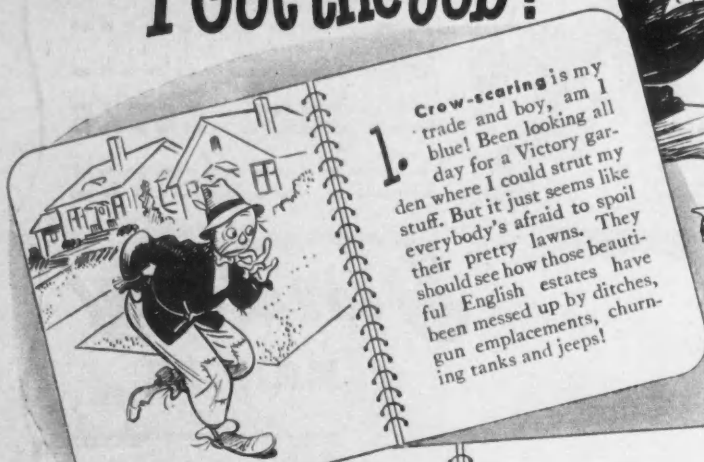
Scald the liquid, then cool to lukewarm before combining with the yeast.

Set the dough in a warm even atmosphere to rise. Yeast mixtures are fussy about temperature; do best around 75 to 85 deg. Fahr.

These recipes call for compressed yeast. Dried yeast requires a little different preparation. Amount of yeast can be varied—the more you use the speedier the rising.

Continued on next page

P.S. I Got the Job!



1. Crow-scaring is my trade and boy, am I blue! Been looking all day for a Victory garden where I could strut my stuff. But it just seems like everybody's afraid to spoil their pretty lawns. They should see how those beautiful English estates have been messed up by ditches, gun emplacements, churning tanks and jeeps!



2. When I see a young couple fussing with flowers, I get an idea. "Pardon me folks," I says, "but why don't you make this a Victory garden? Canada needs more food—badly! Besides, you'll enjoy your own fresh vegetables, save money and get healthy exercise." "You're right!" says she. "How about it, Tom?" "O.K. by me!" says he.



3. Hooray! I'm hired! They started working on the food garden right away. I adopt my No. 1 terror pose and watch. It's fun to see them making progress daily, enjoying the job and getting suntanned. "I can hardly wait," she keeps saying, "till the day we start eating all these grand fresh vegetables!" "Especially the tomatoes!" adds Tom.



4. When next Winter comes, Tom's family will get a welcome bonus. By growing their own fresh foods in Summer, they leave that much more for the canners to pack. So while their garden is resting under a blanket of snow, they'll be enjoying extra canned foods from the grocer. Now isn't that a special treat worth waiting for?

WHY CANNED FOODS ARE SO VALUABLE IN WINTER



1. Because they give menus appetizing variety... with flavours caught at the peak of freshness when they're packed!
2. Because they permit balanced meals... supply vitamins and minerals when you need them most!

... and remember ...

3. They make meal-getting an easier, quicker task. Always ready to use!
4. They're economical! You pay only for what you eat. And you save fuel because they need only be heated.

This message is contributed in support of Canada's Food Nutrition Programme by the American Can Company, — Montreal, Hamilton, Toronto; and the American Can Company Limited, Vancouver.

♦ Continued from page 58

with white woodwork and blue and white rugs and towels. The smaller guest bathroom is in white paper with big rose flowers and green leaves and owing to a slanted piece of ceiling, has a very gay bit of nonsense in a part striped paper in yellow rose and white. Ruth is a firm believer in gay and colorful bathrooms.

There's grown-up furniture in the nursery, except for a crib and other such essentials. Ruth likes normal living quarters rather than fancy juvenile ones for children to grow up in.

The small bathroom is in rose and blue with a striped ceiling and pale rose tile. Fixtures are in the pale rose and the paper is in pale blue with little white dancing ladies and powder puffs. Ruth is very proud of her back hall, which is lined with cupboards for linens and blankets, and papered in a gay yellow provincial print of little boys and girls under apple trees. The powder room has Dubonnet fixtures and a candy stripe paper, and dotted net curtains. There is a novel arrangement of starched embroidery framing the mirror.

For the patio, Ruth hopes to have a Pennsylvania Dutch design and already has a woodbox (an old chest) with a "hex" sign, to keep away evil spirits. They plan a lovely garden and are fortunate in being able to use the badminton court, swimming pool and tennis court next door.

Ruth has a Victory garden and can cook, when she's not on the silver screen. Her kitchen has light blue walls and chalk white woodwork and there's a breakfast nook in red, white and blue Pennsylvania Dutch design. ♦

POINTERS

For Your Home

WINDOW SHADES of good quality cloth can be cleaned with soap and water. Use a soft-bristled brush, and when clean remove all traces of water with a sponge. Be sure the shade is dry before re-rolling it.

Or if the blinds are very shabby, revive them with a coat of paint to match the color scheme of your room. Place the shade on a table which has been well covered with old newspapers—in case the paint goes through the shade. Wipe off as much dust and dirt as possible, then apply a good quality paint (thinned with turpentine), brushing crosswise. Wait till paint is thoroughly dry, before rolling up the shade.

If you are fortunate enough to own an electric blanket, handle it with care. Don't stick pins in it, or lay heavy objects on it. Wash by hand, never dry clean or put through a washing machine or wringer. Stretch the blanket after washing to take the kinks out of the wire. When you store it, fold end to end or side to side, to avoid creases falling on the thermostats in the blanket. Keep in a dry place and protect from moths as carefully as you would any of your good woollens.

If you wax the feet of furniture, it will help protect floors from furniture marks and scratches.

When a lock needs oiling, try dropping oil on the key instead of on the lock itself. Insert the key in the lock and turn several times. Prevents oil dribbling down the door and often missing the really troublesome spot. ♦

Spode DINNERWARE



Gainsborough

The beauty and color of Spode Dinnerware grows on you with the years of possession. Even if you have to wait a little while to replace your favorite Spode Pattern it is worth it. Your nearest Spode dealer will help you.

Wholesale Distributors

Copeland & Duncan, Ltd.

222 Bay Street, Toronto

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GIVE THE JUNE BRIDE A SILEX

ONLY A
Genuine
SILEX
CAN MAKE
SILEX
COFFEE



because... Only the genuine SILEX has the FLAVOR-GUARD filter

*REG. CAN. PAT. OFF.



**LOOK FOR THIS
TWIN BAKER SEAL
OF APPROVAL
WHEN YOU BUY—
DONUTS**

It guarantees a wholesome, nourishing cake donut that's taste-perfect, because it marks only donuts made according to a scientifically controlled tested quality formula. Look for it.

GOOD NUTRITION Plus EATING PLEASURE

*A tip from
Mrs. Basil Rathbone*

Famous
Hollywood
hostess



WE COOK WITH
MUSTARD AT OUR
HOUSE—IT GIVES
THE **EXTRA FLAVOR**
WE ALL LIKE!

A DELICIOUS "hot" sauce to serve with Brussels sprouts. (Equally good with cauliflower or cabbage). $\frac{1}{2}$ c. butter; 2 tsp. Mustard; $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt; 1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce; dash cayenne. Melt butter in saucepan; add remaining ingredients. Drain 1 quart Brussels sprouts which have been cooked until tender in 1 inch boiling salted water. Place in hot serving dish, pour sauce over all. Serves 6.

**KEEN'S
MUSTARD**



and shape into rolls. Place on a greased baking sheet and let rise until more than twice their size. Bake in a hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—for 20 minutes. Makes about four dozen small rolls.

Mexican Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Yeast cake
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of lukewarm water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of melted shortening
- 2 Eggs
- 2 Cupfuls of sifted flour

Soften the yeast cake in the warm water, add the $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of sugar and dissolve. Mix in the cupful of flour and the salt. Let stand in a warm place until doubled in bulk. Combine the melted shortening and the sugar. Beat the eggs and keep out two tablespoonfuls for the icing, add the remainder to the sugar mixture and combine with the sponge when it has increased to twice its size. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of sifted flour and let rise again until doubled in size. Turn out on a board and knead with the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of flour. Slice off small sections of dough and mold into thin round buns. Place on a greased baking sheet, cover the tops with icing and let rise until twice their size. Bake in a slow oven—300 to 325 deg. Fahr.—for 15 to 20 minutes. Makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ dozen buns.

Icing

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of beaten egg (from the dough mixture)
- $\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of sifted flour

Cream the shortening gradually, add the sugar and continue creaming until well blended. Add the beaten egg, then sift in the flour and mix well. Spread over the buns.

Brioche

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of shortening
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 5 Cupfuls of flour
- 2 Cakes of compressed yeast
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of lukewarm water
- 2 Eggs, beaten
- Flour

Scald the milk, add the shortening, sugar and salt and cool to lukewarm. Add the 5 cupfuls of flour to make a thick batter. Add the yeast, which has been softened in the warm water, then the beaten eggs. Beat well. Sift in enough flour to make a soft dough, turn onto a lightly floured board and knead. Place in a greased bowl, cover and let rise until double in bulk (about 2 hours). Punch down and shape into desired forms. Let rise until double in bulk ($\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour), then bake at 375 deg. Fahr. for 15 to 20 minutes. Makes three dozen rolls.

Bran Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of ready-cooked bran
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 Tablespoonful of shortening
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of molasses
- 1 Yeast cake, softened in
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of lukewarm water
- 4 Cupfuls of bread flour

Continued on page 65

To Canada's 500,000 War Brides

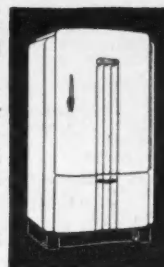


Here's a Preview of Your AFTER-VICTORY ELECTRIC KITCHEN

SETTING up house has not been easy for Canada's war brides. Equipment has been scarce. Neither material nor manpower has been available to provide the usual line-up of electrical appliances which every Canadian housewife likes to own. But Victory will change all that. When war restrictions are lifted, these appliances will be back again.

SOME OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES YOU'LL BE ABLE TO OWN

G-E REFRIGERATOR—No matter what fresh food-stuff you wish to preserve, the G-E Refrigerator will provide the accurate temperature needed to keep it cool and fresh—prevent spoilage.



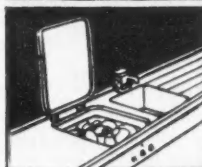
G-E HOTPOINT RANGE

—No more worrying about loss of food and food values in cooking. The G-E Hotpoint Range enables you to prepare appetizing meals and yet retain food values.



G-E ELECTRIC DISHWASHER AND DISPOSAL

—You'll still have to put the dishes in. But that's all! The G-E Dishwasher washes, rinses, dries! And kitchen garbage? The G-E Disposall flushes it completely away.



Victory Recipe

STRAWBERRY GELATINE PIE

1 Package of strawberry-flavored jelly powder
1 Cupful of crushed ripe strawberries
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of fruit sugar
 $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of salt
Dissolve the jelly powder in 1 cupful of boiling water, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of cold water with the sugar and salt. Stir until dissolved and add the crushed strawberries. Chill until the mixture thickens, then turn into a cold baked pastry shell and chill until set. Top with unbaked meringue and garnish with slices of fresh strawberries.
To make the unbaked meringue put 2 egg whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of water and a pinch of salt in the top part of a double boiler. Stir to mix thoroughly. Place over boiling water and beat for 1 minute. Remove from the heat and beat for 2 minutes or until the mixture stands in peaks. Add a few drops of flavoring and spread over the pie.



EM-94

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
LIMITED**



HEAR YOUR FAMILY CHEER!



MAGIC'S LUSCIOUS PRUNE BISCUITS

1 cup sifted flour
4 tspns. Magic Baking Powder
½ tspn. salt
1 cup whole wheat flour
¼ cup brown sugar
grated rind 1 lemon
4 tspns. shortening
⅔ cup milk
6 to 12 chopped, stewed prunes, as desired

Sift together first three ingredients. Add whole wheat flour, lemon rind. Cut in shortening until mixed. Add milk to make soft dough. Roll out ½-inch thick, spread with well-drained chopped prunes; sprinkle with brown sugar. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut in 1-inch pieces; stand on end in well-greased muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes. Makes 15.

You'll win top family honors with Magic's Prune Biscuits—so melty-rich, so deliciously different the folks will vote them "Best we ever ate!"

But don't take chances with ordinary baking powders. Always use Magic and make sure of finest results in all baked dishes. 3 generations of Canadian homemakers have depended on Magic's wholesome purity to guarantee finer, lighter texture, more delicious flavor.

Magic is economical, too—costs only 1¢ per average baking. So treat your family to Magic's Prune Biscuits tonight!

YOU'LL CHEER DEPENDABLE MAGIC



Variations

For richer rolls, up the shortening to one-half cupful; for sweeter, double, treble or quadruple the sugar.

Add an egg or two for fancier products.

Use whole-wheat or rye flour to replace part of the white—any proportion up to one half. Or substitute one quarter of the white flour with soya flour.

Add spices—cinnamon, nutmeg, mace, cloves.

Add fruit—raisins, currants, peel, cherries. Try using brown sugar and adding a half cupful of sieved cooked squash.

Use different toppings—brush with melted butter or shortening, sprinkle with caraway, poppy or sesame seeds. Glaze with honey after baking. Brush with corn syrup and sprinkle with sugar.

Make different shapes: for Cloverleaf rolls form tiny balls of dough and put three in a greased muffin tin... for Parker House, roll the dough about a third of an inch thick, cut with a biscuit cutter, brush one half of each with melted butter, crease and fold over... for Twists, shape small pieces of dough into long rolls about the size of a pencil, twist two together and cut to desired length... Fan Tans: roll the dough very thin, brush with melted butter, cut in strips an inch wide. Pile six or seven strips together, cut in pieces one and a half inches long and set on end in greased muffin tins... Pin Wheels: roll dough about one quarter inch thick, spread with softened butter and sprinkle with cinnamon and brown or maple sugar. Roll up like a jellyroll, cut in slices one inch thick and bake in greased muffin tins or close together in a well-greased pan... Butterscotch rolls: prepare as Pin Wheels. Spread a cake pan with a mixture of butter and brown sugar. Place pin wheels close together, cut side down. Serve gooey side up.

Prune-Filled Cottage Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Cupful of milk
1 Cake of compressed yeast
1 Cupful of creamy cottage cheese
¼ Cupful of shortening
⅓ Cupful of sugar
1 Tablespoonful of salt
3½ to 4 Cupfuls of all-purpose flour

Scald the milk, then cool to lukewarm. Crumble in the yeast cake and stir until dissolved. Press the cheese through a sieve. Cream the shortening with the sugar and salt and add with the cheese to the yeast mixture. Blend well. Sift and measure the flour and add, mixing well to make a soft dough. (The amount of flour will vary slightly due to variation in moisture in the cheese.) Knead on a floured board until smooth. Place in a large bowl, cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk (about 2 to 2½ hours). Form into rolls—about 3 dozen. Place close together in a greased pan and let rise until the rolls are twice their original size. Press a small cavity with fingers in the top of each roll and fill with prune filling. Let rise 10 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for 30 to 35 minutes. For glazed top, brush with hot honey five minutes before removing from the oven.

Filling

1½ Cupfuls of stewed drained prunes
⅔ Cupful of sugar
2 Teaspoonfuls of grated orange rind
½ Teaspoonful of cloves

Stone the prunes and cut in small pieces. Combine with the other ingredients and cook, stirring to prevent sticking, until the consistency of conserve. Cool.

Cinnamon Puffs

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Cake of compressed yeast
¼ Cupful of lukewarm water
1 Cupful of milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
½ Cupful of shortening
1 Teaspoonful of salt
2 Eggs, beaten
3¼ Cupfuls of bread or all-purpose flour
3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
¼ Teaspoonful of cinnamon

Soften the yeast in the lukewarm water. Scald the milk, add the sugar, shortening and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Sift the flour, measure and add 2 cupfuls to the milk mixture. Beat well. Add the yeast, eggs and remaining flour. Beat until smooth. Cover and let rise until light and doubled in size. Stir down and drop by spoonfuls into greased muffin tins. Sprinkle with a mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Let rise until light (about 30 minutes), then bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for 20 minutes. Makes 2½ dozen 2-inch puffs.

Oatmeal Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Cupful of milk
1 Cupful of quick-cooking rolled oats
2 Tablespoonfuls of brown sugar
1 Teaspoonful of salt
1 Teaspoonful of shortening
1 Cake of compressed yeast
2 to 2½ Cupfuls of bread or all-purpose flour

Scald the milk and pour over the rolled oats. Add the sugar, salt and shortening and cool to lukewarm. Soften the yeast cake in ¼ cupful of lukewarm water and combine with the first mixture. Add the flour to make a fairly soft dough, kneading well until smooth and elastic. Cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk. Cut off small pieces of dough, shape and place on a greased baking sheet or in muffin tins. Let rise until doubled in size, then bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for 25 minutes. Makes 1 to 1½ dozen rolls.

Potato Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Cupfuls of hot mashed potato
2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
3 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
¾ Cupful of milk, scalded
1½ Cupfuls of hot potato water
1 or 2 Cakes of compressed yeast
5½ to 6 Cupfuls of bread or all-purpose flour

Combine the hot mashed potatoes with the sugar, salt and shortening. Add the scalded milk to the hot potato water and cool to lukewarm. Soften the yeast cake in this, then stir into the first mixture. Sift and measure the flour and add a little at a time, beating well. When too stiff to stir, knead on a floured board, mixing in enough flour to make a moderately soft dough. Knead until smooth and elastic; brush top with melted shortening and place in a greased bowl. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Place on a board and pat out flat, about ½ inch thick. Cut off small pieces

Pour the boiling water over the bran. Add the shortening, salt and molasses, and let the mixture stand until lukewarm. Add the yeast which has been softened in the lukewarm water. Sift in the flour. Beat well. Let the dough rise until double in bulk. Shape into rolls, place on a baking sheet or in greased muffin tins. Let rise again. Bake in a moderate oven—375 to 400 deg. Fahr.—for 20 minutes.

Cherry Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of sour cream
- 1 Cake of compressed yeast
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of soda
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- 4 Cupfuls of flour, sifted
- Butter
- Brown sugar
- Chopped candied or maraschino cherries

Scald the cream and cool to lukewarm. To one third cupful of the cream add the crumbled yeast cake and let stand. To the remaining cream add the soda, salt and sugar. Combine the two mixtures and add the flour gradually, stirring until smooth. Brush with melted butter. Cover and let stand in a warm place until it rises two and a half to three times its volume. Knead lightly for one minute. Divide the dough in half and roll each portion into a rectangle about one eighth of an inch thick. Brush with butter and sprinkle with brown sugar and cherries. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut in one inch thick slices. Place in greased muffin tins cut side up, cover, set in a warm place and let rise until double in volume. Bake in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—for 10 to 15 minutes. Makes about two dozen rolls.

Crusty Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cake of compressed yeast
- 1 Cupful of lukewarm water
- 1 Tablespoonful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted shortening
- 2 Egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 3 to 4 Cupfuls of bread or all-purpose flour

Soften the yeast in the water for five minutes. Add the sugar, salt and shortening. Beat in one cupful of flour. Add the beaten egg whites, mixing thoroughly. Add additional flour to make a soft dough. Knead until satiny. Shape into a smooth ball, place in a bowl, grease the surface lightly and let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down. Let rise until doubled. Knead and cut into portions for rolls. Cover and let rest for 10 minutes. Shape into buns and place $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart on a greased baking sheet sprinkled with fine wheat cereal or white corn meal. Cover and let rise until twice their size. Bake in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—for 20 minutes. Fill a flat pan with boiling water and place underneath to give crustiness. Makes two dozen rolls.

Luncheon Fruit Buns

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- 1 Cake of compressed yeast
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of lukewarm water
- 1 Egg, well beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of raisins
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped nuts
- 1 Teaspoonful of grated orange rind
- $3\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of sifted bread or all-purpose flour

Continued on page 66

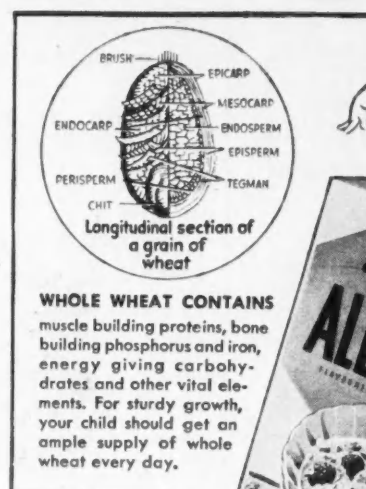
Canada's Future IS IN THEIR HANDS!



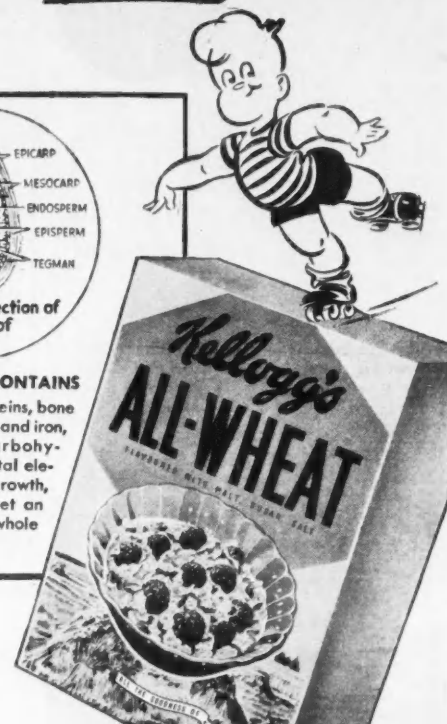
Proper food NOW is a head start for FUTURE health!

Two blithe, husky youngsters at play — they're the very picture of health. To keep that health and youthful vigour through life, they need proper care—nutritious food—*now*!

Planning wholesome meals is more of a problem to mothers these days. But luckily, there is a plentiful supply of wheat, one of Canada's most nutritive foods! And now you can get wheat with a new, appetizing flavour that your children will really like—Kellogg's All-Wheat. All-Wheat is whole wheat in its most delicious form—flaked, toasted, and ready-to-eat. Everyone enjoys the satisfying flavour of Kellogg's All-Wheat. Ask your grocer for a couple of packages next time you shop. Made in London, Canada.



WHOLE WHEAT CONTAINS
muscle building proteins, bone building phosphorus and iron, energy giving carbohydrates and other vital elements. For sturdy growth, your child should get an ample supply of whole wheat every day.



It's whole wheat — flaked, toasted, ready-to-eat!

Meals of the Month

for JUNE



	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
THU 1	Sliced Oranges Cereal Scones Coffee Marmalade Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Stewed Tomatoes Brown Toast Fresh Pineapple Sponge Drops Tea Cocoa	Grilled Sirloin Steaks Potatoes Green Beans Barley Pudding with Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	SAT 17	Grapefruit Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa	Beef Soup Vegetable Salad Cherry Trifle Tea Cocoa	Breaded Pork Tenderloin Mashed Potatoes Creamed Young Onions Molded Coffee Whip Coffee Tea
FRI 2	Rhubarb Juice Fish Cakes Jam Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Pea Soup Jellied Spring Salad Stewed Prunes Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Baked Fresh Haddock Parsley Potatoes Spinach Vanilla Ice Cream Coffee Tea	SUN 18	(Sunday) Strawberries Waffles with Syrup Bacon Curls Coffee Tea	Asparagus with Hot Mayonnaise Brown Rolls Crackers and Cheese Mixed Fruit Salad in Melon Tea Shell Cocoa	Hot Veal Loaf Grape or Currant Jelly Baked Potatoes Carrots and Peas Ice Cream Coffee Frosted Layer Cake Tea
SAT 3	Tomato Juice Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa	Crisp Bacon Pan-fried Potatoes Green Onions Celery Prune Whip Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Cottage Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea	MON 19	Orange Juice Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Tea	Cold Veal Loaf Pickles Potato Salad Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Broiled Wieners (wrapped in Bacon) Coleslaw Lemon Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 4	(Sunday) Half Grapefruit Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Toasted Cheese Rolls Assorted Sandwiches Celery Radishes Strawberries and Cream Cake Tea Cocoa	Rolled Roast of Beef Horse-radish Browned Potatoes Asparagus Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea	TUE 20	Sliced Bananas Cereal Scrambled Eggs Jam Toast Coffee Tea	Hot Tomato Juice Canned Salmon Salad Rolls Almond Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Roast of Lamb Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Dandelion Greens Rhubarb Crisp Coffee Tea
MON 5	Tomato Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Hot Canned Spaghetti Coleslaw Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Peas Blancmange with Red Jelly Coffee Tea	WED 21	Grape Juice Cereal Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Tea	Liver and Bacon Chili Sauce Potato Chips Strawberries Icebox Cookies Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Cold Roast Lamb Potato Cakes Creamed Celery and Carrots Steamed Chocolate Pudding Marshmallow Mint Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 6	Cereal with Sliced Bananas or Strawberries Boiled Egg Toast Coffee Tea	Beef Turnovers Mustard Gravy Lettuce Salad Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Shoulder Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Mixed Fruit Cup Plain Cake Coffee Tea	THU 22	Prunes with Cinnamon Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Tea	Asparagus on Whole-wheat Toast Orange and Apple Salad Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice Scalloped Potatoes Diced Beets Creamy Rice Pudding Coffee Tea
WED 7	Orange Juice Cereal Fried Small Fish Toast Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Crackers Cheese Mixed Vegetable Salad Oatmeal Rolls Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Dressed Heart Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Lemon Snow Coffee Tea	FRI 23	Tomato Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Brown Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Tossed Green Salad Fresh Pineapple Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fillets of Haddock Parsley Potatoes New Cabbage Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
THU 8	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Rolls Honey Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Heart Pickles Lyonnaise Potatoes Stewed Rhubarb Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Green Salad Rice and Raisin Pudding Coffee Tea	SAT 24	Oranges Cereal Plain Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Welsh Rarebit Lettuce with French Dressing Stewed Rhubarb Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Hamburgers and Fried Onions Pan-fried Potatoes Green Beans Maple Dumplings Coffee Tea
FRI 9	Grapefruit Juice Buckwheat Pancakes and Syrup Coffee Tea	Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce Mixed Salad Royal Cloverleaf Rolls Tea Cocoa	Boiled Salmon Egg Sauce New Potatoes Beet Greens Gingerbread Fresh Pineapple Coffee Tea	SUN 25	(Sunday) Half Grapefruit Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Bouillon Jellied Vegetable Salad Bran Muffins Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Fried Chicken Mashed Potatoes Asparagus Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream Wafers Coffee Tea
SAT 10	Orange Halves Cereal Conserve Toast Coffee Tea	Salmon (from Friday) and Cucumber Salad Potato Salad Apple Sauce Iced Gingerbread (from Friday) Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Buttered Beets Cabbage Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee Tea	MON 26	Fruit Cup Cereal Marmalade Toast Coffee Cocoa	Baked Corn Pudding Toasted Muffins (from Sunday) Canned Peas Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa	Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Gingerbread Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 11	(Sunday) Orange and Pineapple Medley Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Chicken Noodle Soup Biscuits Assorted Relishes Canned Pear, Prune and Peanut Butter Salad Tea Swedish Tea Ring Cocoa	Baked Back Bacon Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea	TUE 27	Pineapple Slices French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Pork and Beans Celery Brown Bread Radishes Strawberries and Cream Tea Cocoa	Barley Soup Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Salad Bowl Jellied Rhubarb Coffee Tea
MON 12	Prunes with Lemon Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Vegetable Slaw Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Cold Sliced Back Bacon Mashed Potatoes Buttered Onions Floating Island Coffee Tea	WED 28	Cereal with Strawberries Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Pan-fried Small Fish Potato Salad Sliced Oranges and Cucumber Hot Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa	Consomme Cold Sliced Pot Roast Savory Rice Green Beans Baked Custard Coffee Tea
TUE 13	Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea	Baked Stuffed Potatoes (use chopped left-over bacon) Fresh Pineapple Spice Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Veal Birds Scalloped Corn Salad Bowl Chocolate Pie Coffee Tea	THU 29	Orange Juice Cereal Jelly Toast Coffee Tea	Shepherd's Pie Catsup Fresh Fruit Salad Watercress Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Baked Sausages Au Gratin Potatoes Spinach Raisin Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
WED 14	Cold Tomatoes Cereal Fruit Doughnuts Coffee Tea	Sliced Bologna Fried Potatoes Sliced Cucumbers and Onions Lemon Tarts Tea Cocoa	Scotch Broth Baked Potato Cakes Asparagus with Hollandaise Carrots Spinach Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	FRI 30	Chilled Watermelon Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Creamed Sea Food Brown Rolls Fruit Jelly Whip Tea Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Ciscoes Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Harvard Beets Fresh Cherry Rolypoly Coffee Tea
THU 15	Sliced Oranges Soft-cooked Eggs Jam Toast Coffee Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Lettuce Slaw Bran Muffins Watermelon Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Wax Beans Prune Whip Custard Sauce Coffee Tea				
FRI 16	Cereal with Raisins Coffee Cake Honey Coffee Tea	Fresh Spinach with Poached Eggs Diced Pineapple Cookies Tea Cocoa	Fried Perch or Pickled Lemon Sections Hashed Brown Potatoes Orange and Cucumber Salad Rhubarb Upside-Down-Cake Coffee Tea				

Strawberry Month — Fresh ripe strawberries are a super source of Vitamin C. They rank with oranges and tomatoes. Make the most of them while the season lasts.

Baked Potato Cakes — (June 14) — Mashed potatoes seasoned, moistened with egg and a little milk. Shape and roll in cornflakes. Reheat in oven.

Broiled Wieners (June 19) — Parboil, cool, split halfway through lengthwise. Spread inside with mixture of brown sugar, mustard, vinegar. Wrap in bacon. Broil or bake.



SO THE RECIPE CALLS FOR SOUR MILK?

Make it in a minute

Never pass up delicious recipes for hot biscuits, gingerbread, chocolate cake because you haven't any sour milk or buttermilk. Make some.

Do this . . .

Place 1 tablespoon of vinegar or lemon juice in a standard measuring cup. Fill to the 1 cup mark with sweet milk. Proportionate amounts for less. The resulting liquid is equal to natural sour milk or buttermilk when it is best for baking.

And for these recipes you'll need Cow Brand Baking Soda — the perfect leavener for texture and flavour.

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Tongue Ticklers

by M. Lois Clipsham

FINE FOR flavor is tongue—jolly good any season of the year and a "natural" for summer menus. Easily prepared, it's equally good served hot or cold. Lends itself to lots of variation too.

Varieties:

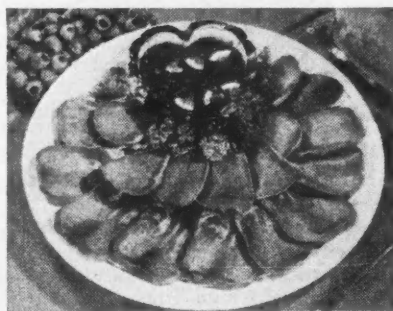
Beef, calves', lambs', pork. All winners.

Amount to Buy:

A medium-sized beef tongue weighs about three pounds and provides about six to eight servings.

Time of Cooking:

Beef tongue—2½ to three hours;



calves'—two to three hours; pork—1½ to two hours; and lamb's tongue—one to 1½ hours.

Preparation:

Soak salted tongues overnight. Fresh and pickled tongues need only a thorough scrubbing with a brush and cold water.

Plain Boiled Tongue

Cover with boiling water. Add ½ teaspoonful of salt for each pound of tongue. Bring to the boiling point and simmer (not boil!) until tender. Remove the tongue from the liquid and while still hot, peel off the skin, starting from the thick end. Cut out the small bones embedded in the roots and trim away any fat.

Spiced Boiled Tongue

Follow the directions for plain boiled tongue, but for extra flavor simmer with:

- 2 Carrots, sliced
- 2 Celery stalks with the leaves
- 1 Onion stuck with 8 cloves
- 1 Teaspoonful of peppercorns
- 1 Bay leaf

SERVE TONGUE SAUCILY

With Horse-radish Sauce

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mild-flavored dripping
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- ¼ Teaspoonful of dry mustard
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- Few grains of pepper
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of prepared horse-radish

Melt the dripping in a double boiler, blend with the flour and mustard; add the milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the seasonings and well-drained horse-radish.

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Best

Biscuits

HUNTLEY & PALMERS
Biscuits

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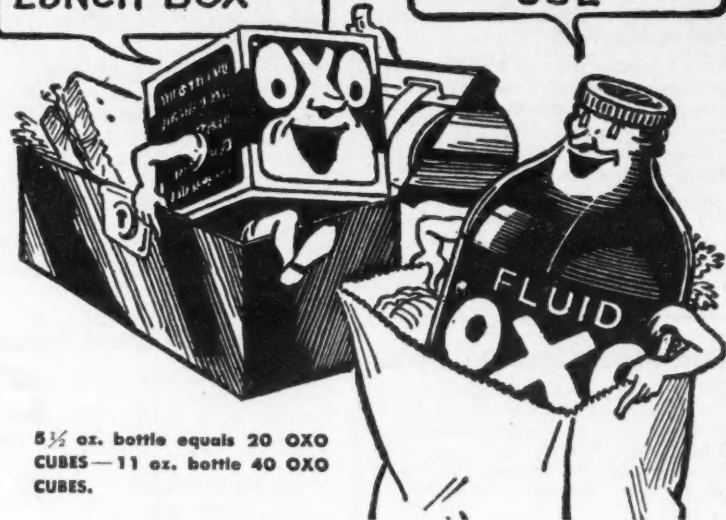
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WHEN
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THE WORKER'S
LUNCH BOX

I'M FOR
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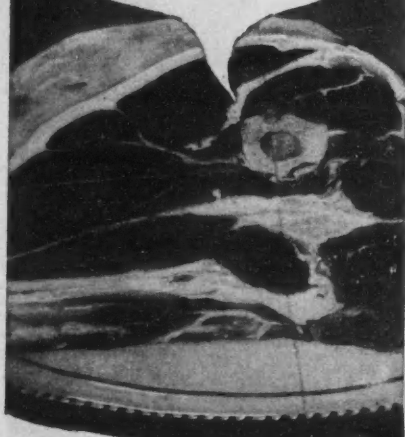
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CUBES—11 oz. bottle 40 OXO
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Revive yourself with a steaming cup of OXO when you have to work overtime in the plant, or when your day at home is extra tiring. Put an OXO CUBE in the lunch box and use the handy FLUID OXO in the home.



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Perishable foods like meat, vegetables, fruits, which have a high "juice" content, need the pure, circulating moist-cold protection of Ice to prevent them from drying out. Ordinary dry-cold found in other types of refrigeration is not enough! Make Ice your daily assurance that the foods you serve your family contain full energy-building, health-sustaining vitamins and minerals—your constant protection against spoilage and waste. Save food—save money—save health—with Ice!



Barnet

Model illustrated is built in Canada by Renfrew Electric and Refrigerator Co., Ltd., Renfrew

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Purified Air
Natural Moisture
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CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
serving Canada from Coast to Coast

Worth Knowing

by Gertrude Crawford

A ROAST under three pounds or so isn't worth its salt. Count on about $\frac{1}{2}$ pound (meat and bone) to a serving, more if it's a very bony cut. Then plan your menus to make good use of what's left over.



A five-and-a-half to six-pound chicken, roasted, will serve eight people. Or it will give you about four cupfuls of diced meat for salad or chicken à la king.



Start with one cupful of raw rice grains, if you want to take four cupfuls from the pot. Great swell!

A standard sandwich loaf (24 ozs.) cuts into from 40 to 45 slices $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick. A long loaf gives approximately 80 thin slices.

A pound of hard cheese yields from four to four and a half cupfuls, grated.

The "juice of a lemon" is usually about three tablespoonfuls.



A little imagination in the use of herbs and spices is about the easiest and cheapest way to get variety into your cooking. Mint, thyme, parsley, sage, marjoram and other fragrant herbs from

Delicious EDSMITH'S pure Grape Juice

Enjoy its
CONCENTRATED
Goodness!

For grape juice at its best, it takes plenty of luscious, juicy-ripe Concords fresh-picked and bottled right in the heart of Niagara's famous vineyards. Add to this, the skilled processing born of long experience and you have the reasons why E. D. SMITH'S Grape Juice is so deliciously full-flavoured even when diluted. There's real economy in the concentrated goodness of this pure, full-strength Grape Juice.

There's many a use
for this fruit juice

A delicious appetizer—a perfect mixer—That's E. D. SMITH'S Grape Juice. Serve it with ginger ale—or with other fruit juices in cooling summer drinks—or in tempting desserts (see recipes on label). It adds healthful food values as well as flavour harmony!



AT YOUR GROCERS!

your victory garden may be picked in their prime and dried for seasoning your Christmas turkey.

Cookies baked on a flat metal sheet are likely to have a better complexion than those in a deep-sided pan. Cookie sheets should be smaller than the oven rack, to allow good circulation of air.

Salt plays hob with open elements. Be careful with the shaker around your stove and try not to let a briny liquid boil over.

If dripping is a little too strong flavored for a delicate cake, it can be used in gingerbread, chocolate or spice cake.

There's an enzyme in raw pineapple which destroys the "setting" quality of gelatine. Scald or cook the fruit and juice before using it for jellied desserts and salads.

Unsweetened fruit juice ferments easily. Don't let it stand around too long in a warm place after it has dripped from your jelly bag.



From a pound of wedding cake you can fill ten to twelve little boxes to give as mementoes to wedding guests or mail to your friends.

Chopped or ground meat spoils more quickly than meat in the piece. Keep it cold and use up soon.

Something to cry over when spilled milk leaves a stain on your porcelain enamel range top. Wipe the bottle clean after pouring or it may leave a permanent ring around. Wipe up spills too—right away.

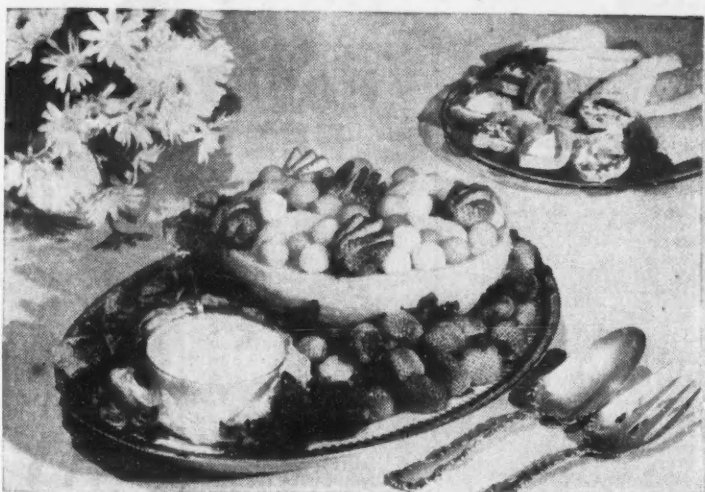
From a pound of high-grade tea you can brew about 200 cheering cups. Pretty inexpensive drinkable.

Rolls

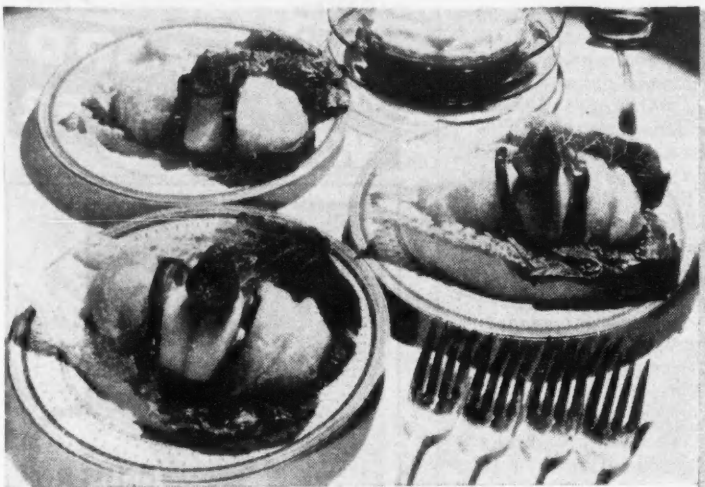
Continued from page 65

Pour boiling water over salt, sugar and shortening, cool to lukewarm. Soften the yeast in the lukewarm water and add to the first mixture. Stir in the egg, raisins, nuts and orange rind. Add about half the sifted flour, beat until smooth, then add the remaining flour and mix thoroughly. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk (about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours). Stir down and fill greased muffin tins $\frac{1}{2}$ full. Cover and let rise again until doubled. Bake in a hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—for 15 to 20 minutes. Tops may be brushed with melted butter after baking. If you like, store the dough in the refrigerator after the first rising. Stir down and cover till ready to use.

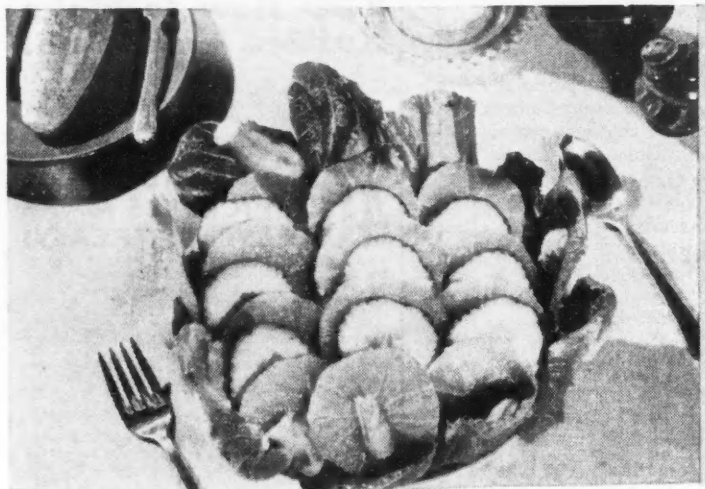
FRUIT FOR SALADS



Melon Shell Salad—Slice a honeydew in half lengthwise, or cut across a watermelon—about six or seven inches from the end—then level off the end and stand upright. Scoop out the "meat" with a melon ball cutter and combine with orange sections freed of pulp and membrane. Fill the melon shell with the fruit mixture, set on serving platter and garnish with strawberries and water cress. Serve with a real mayonnaise flavored with a little sugar and fruit juice. Combination of honeydew and watermelon balls is colorful and nifty.



Salad Royal—Three varieties of fruit on an underlay of chilled crisp lettuce, romaine or other salad greenery. Give apple or pineapple wedges the central position, and flank by orange segments. Green pepper strips as dividers, and a strawberry for a crown. Serve with real mayonnaise thinned down, if you're so minded, with a little fruit juice. Makes a summer luncheon main course after a good rich soup. Or a fine refreshing dessert following a hearty dinner.



Something new under the sun—a combination of orange and cucumber. Peel the orange and score the cuke, but leave unpeeled. Cut both in thin slices and arrange alternately on a large serving plate or in a shallow bowl bedecked with brittle-crisp greens. Serve with French or Thousand Island dressing or with mayonnaise combined with a little lemon juice. Tangy highlight for a fish dinner and guaranteed to prod the appetite even on the hottest day.

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PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC NO LONGER
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Remember this, the next time you buy a tooth brush: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle.

PROLON—No Finer Bristle Made

Among these new synthetic bristles being marketed under various trade names, none is finer . . . none is more durable . . . none is more costly to produce than Prolon, the synthetic bristle in the Bonded Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

Only PROLON has "Round Ends"

Prolon, in fact, has a very important plus which no other synthetic bristle has. It is the only bristle that is rounded at the ends.

Yes, it's a fact! Under a special pat-

ented process, exclusive with Prophy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

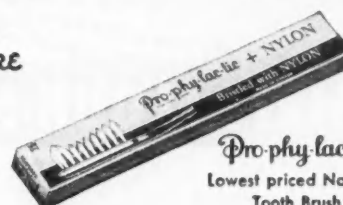
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Prophy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

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MADE IN CANADA

Are you an "I'd-Rather-do-it- Myself" Mother?

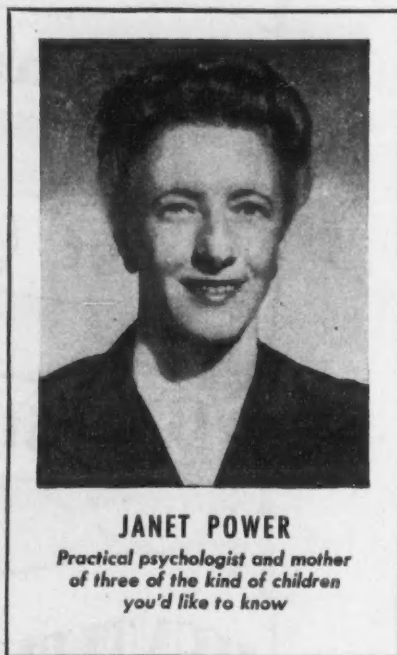


JOAN-DAVID "I've tried to get Joan and David to help me around the house," a friend told me wearily this morning, "but by the time I find them, explain the job and listen to their moaning and grumbling—well, I'd rather do it myself."

Yes, mother, you can do the job much more quickly and efficiently yourself—but do you realize WHAT IS AT STAKE? It's all very well to let youth have its fling! But don't miss the real meaning of the situation—a child must be trained when he is young to ASSUME HIS RESPONSIBILITIES IN LIFE!

From the time a child is very young, he should have a daily duty to perform regularly every day. Don't try to get him to do it by coaxing and cajoling and whining, "Oh, Mother has so much to do." Maybe you have, but that's not the point. You must teach him to accept his job as a part of his life—MAKE HIM FEEL A REAL SENSE OF PRIDE IN ACCOMPLISHMENT!

Start him on a simple job and leave him to carry it out to the best of his ability—DON'T EXPECT PERFECTION, but never allow careless work to pass. When interference would annoy him, leave him alone—when he'd enjoy companionship, work with him. Let him find that it's fun to work in a family group. It may seem easier for you to say "I'd rather do it myself"—but it's easier for the child if he learns while he's young, the self-reliance and the personal



JANET POWER
Practical psychologist and mother
of three of the kind of children
you'd like to know

satisfaction that come from doing little duties promptly and well.

Plain Talk

"Beverly is 4 today and she still talks baby talk. We can understand her, of course, but the other children tease her and call her baby."

Just stop right there, Mrs. Davis. Do you realize that you have a VERY SERIOUS PROBLEM? The way you handle it can make or break your little girl's future. Which will it be?

At first you thought baby talk was "cute" and you imitated it. Didn't you?

Talking is learned by IMITATION, you know—how can Beverly learn the RIGHT WORDS if you don't speak them to her?

Now the other children laugh at her—soon she'll become shy, and won't want to go out to play. Watch out, Mother—that's the start of a sad INFERIORITY COMPLEX! Take time to teach your daughter HOW TO SPEAK CLEARLY! Say every word carefully, speak slowly when you're in her presence, don't carry out her requests UNLESS SHE SPEAKS PLAINLY. It will take a little time and patience, of course—but isn't it worth it?



Fuss at Meal Times

It is surprising how many parents have trouble with their children at meal-times!

Breakfasts are often the most difficult meal of all... but this morning struggle can frequently be avoided by serving a cereal that is both APPETIZING and AMUSING... Kellogg's Rice Krispies! Get your child to listen to the merry Snap-Crackle-Pop when you pour on milk or cream. Soon he'll be so interested that he'll forget to fuss.

Next thing you know he'll be asking for "More, please." Try this simple formula. Mothers all over the world have proved that it works! "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

Janet Power



Reheat and serve over hot sliced tongue. Six servings.

With Piquant Sauce

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of mild-flavored dripping
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Cupfuls of tongue stock
- $\frac{3}{8}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of paprika
- Few grains of cayenne
- 1 Tablespoonful of vinegar
- 1 Cucumber pickle, thinly sliced

Melt the dripping; blend with the flour, stirring constantly until slightly browned. Add the stock and cook until thickened. Add the remaining ingredients and pour over spiced boiled tongue which has been reheated in the cooking liquor. Six servings.

With Ruby Sauce

- 1 Cupful of tongue stock
- 1 Glassful (1 cupful) of red currant jelly
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of mild-flavored dripping
- 1 Tablespoonful of whole cloves
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon, sliced thinly

Combine the tongue stock with the remaining ingredients. Simmer the tongue in this mixture for 20 minutes. Place the tongue on a platter. Remove the cloves, thicken the sauce with cornstarch mixed with a little cold water to form a paste, pour over the tongue, garnish with the lemon slices. Also delicious served cold. Six servings.

With Tomato Sauce—Breaded Tongue

Cut cold boiled tongue in slices one third of an inch thick. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in beaten egg, then in finely rolled bread crumbs. Pan-fry in mild-flavored dripping. Serve with tomato sauce.



Glove Care

A GLOVE on the hand is worth half a dozen pairs in the laundry basket. To wash those wispy light-fingered bits of mesh which complete your summer wardrobe, prepare a sudsy bath in a milk bottle or glass sealer, put in your gloves and given them a good shaking. Rinse in two or three clear waters, then pat in a towel and dry in the breeze.

Launder frequently before they become very soiled and take the stitch in time which prevents a run in the finger. When mending use an extra thimble as a darning bulb.

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Get the new Regent Style Book No. 20. Intriguing, easy-to-knit patterns for men's socks. Wide assortment. Buy the book from your dealer, or send 15c to Dept. F, The Regent Knitting Mills Limited, Montreal, P.Q.



Use **REGENT WOOLS**

H P RATION-GRAM

Fish Croquettes

The French call them "CROQUETTES"... the English call them "fish cakes". But regardless of what you want to call them, here's a new "ration-saver" recipe that the whole family will like.

Mix 9 medium-sized, cooked, mashed potatoes with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of shredded codfish, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup of milk, 2 beaten eggs and 1 tablespoon of H. P. Sauce. Form into small cakes and fry in fat until golden brown.

Be sure to use H. P. You'll be surprised at the appetizing difference this fine, old English thick sauce gives to foods. People the world over will tell you what a difference a dash of H. P. Sauce makes when served with meats, fish, stews, salads, fowl, soups, etc.

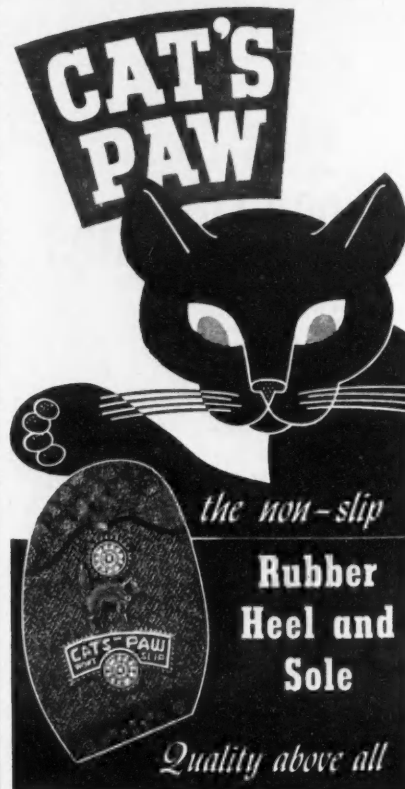
THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to know the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Kellogg's, Dept. CH2, London, Ontario. \$5.00 will be paid for each letter used in this column.

"Maybe it isn't easy"

Writes Mrs. D. Forde

I used to think my daughter was very slow in learning, and it made me so impatient. And then it occurred to me that maybe I was at fault. Perhaps if I took a little more time to show Marie how to do little things instead of dismissing her with a quick, "Don't be silly, it's easy," she'd learn to do them for herself. Then I found that if I made a game of it, and said, "It isn't hard, but it will take a little practice, let's try it together," it was easier for her to learn. I can see now that doing things the first time isn't always easy for a little girl—and I was making her feel awkward and helpless by telling her, "It's easy."



the non-slip

Rubber Heel and Sole

Quality above all

CANNING

Canning Preliminaries

Make yourself a canning budget and plan to use available fruits and sugar to the best advantage.

Have a stock-taking of your equipment—jars (and lids to match), hot water canner equipped with wooden or metal rack and snug fitting cover (wash boiler or other deep container), large kettles for precooking fruit, sterilizing jars and making syrup. Other essentials are standard spoons and cups, some decent knives, a spatula, several bowls and a funnel for filling jars. A jar lifter for removing them from the bath is a boon. Scales are handy but not an absolute necessity.

Inspect jars and lids for chips, cracks, rough edges. Replenish supply if necessary and lay in stock of rubber rings.

RHUBARB

Rhubarb Juice

Wash, cut, measure. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of water to each cupful of fruit. Heat slowly in covered kettle until soft—don't boil. Strain through cloth bag. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful sugar to each quart juice. Heat to simmering point. Fill hot sterilized jars to within $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of top. Seal and process in boiling water bath for five minutes (after water begins to boil). Or better, if you have a thermometer, let filled jars stand in water bath at 170 to 180 deg. Fahr. for 30 minutes.

Marmalade — Three lb. prepared rhubarb, 1 cupful cubed fresh pineapple, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 3 cupfuls sugar. Boil slowly until thick and clear.

STRAWBERRIES

To Can—Start with fresh prime berries. Wash well, pick over, stem. Sugar overnight (use $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sugar to each quart box... arrange in layers, fruit and sugar). In morning, heat to boiling. Pour into scalded, hot air-tight jars, leaving $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch head space. Seal. Process (cook) in boiling water bath for 15 minutes, counting time from moment water reaches rapid bubbling boil. Remove jars at once, tighten if necessary, cool upright (don't up-end). Store in cool, dry place wrapped in newspapers to prevent fading.

Jam (with added pectin.)—Many good recipes come with pectin bottle or package.

CHERRIES

To Can—Wash, stem, pit if desired. If you don't pit, prick to prevent shrinking. Precook sweet cherries five minutes in thin syrup. For sour cherries use medium syrup. Hot-pack into hot jars and process in boiling water bath for 15 minutes after rapid boil reached.

Proportions—thin syrup: 1 cupful sugar, 2 of water (about $2\frac{1}{4}$ cupfuls syrup). Medium: 1 cupful each of sugar and water ($1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of syrup).

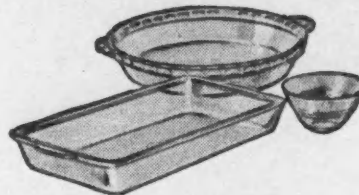
To can without sugar (for pies, puddings, diabetic diets). Precook pitted cherries 3 to 5 minutes in their own juice or with a very little water. Turn into hot sterilized jars and process 15 minutes after water in the "bath" comes to a rapid boil.

This is a Bride. Isn't she Lovely?



She's so lovely she leaves the groom breathless. He's crazy about her. What gift can you send her that she'd be crazy about?

This is Pyrex Ware. Isn't it Lovely?



You bet it's lovely! PYREX Ware sparkles like a new diamond. It saves time and steps, too. Each dish can be used for baking, serving, and keeping. She'll love it.

This is what a bride can do with PYREX WARE. Isn't it wonderful?



Yes, it's wonderful. Food bakes as much as $\frac{1}{3}$ faster. She can see when food is done. PYREX Ware helps make any bride a better cook. And she can bring it right to the table! Leftovers can be kept, reheated, and served again in the same dish. With no transfer from dish to dish, she saves precious food.



IDEA FOR IN-LAWS: The new PYREX Cake Dish (next to the Sergeant). Note the handy glass handles. Grand for tasty layer cakes, biscuits, and puddings. Give her a pair for her kitchen.

TIP TO BEST FRIENDS: The PYREX Double Duty Casserole (above) is a super-dandy gift. Two dishes for the price of one... a swell baking dish. And the cover does extra duty as a pie plate. Three handy sizes—32 oz., 48 oz., and 64 oz.



This is the Pyrex Bowl Set

Three crystal clear bowls that go right into the oven... and on the table. She can use them for mixing, baking, serving, and keeping food. Rolled rim is designed for easy pouring. Give her a nested set—80 oz., 48 oz., and 32 oz. sizes.

This is the Pyrex Trade-mark

You can find the little one pressed into the glass bottom of every Pyrex dish. It and the familiar orange label both mean "A product of Corning Research in Glass." Look for them for your own protection.



Sole Canadian distributors John A. Huston Co. Ltd., Toronto



Make Your Own Flavored Gelatine Dessert—Easy!

FRESH ORANGE JELLY (Serves 6; uses ¼ pkg.)

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 envelope Knox Gelatine | 1½ teaspoon salt |
| ¾ cup cold water | ½ cup orange juice |
| 1 cup hot water | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| ¼ cup sugar | |

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add sugar, salt, and hot water; stir until dissolved. Add orange and lemon juice; mix well. Pour into mold that has been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with orange slices if desired.

REMEMBER, Knox Gelatine is pure, plain gelatine—contains no artificial flavoring. Use Knox with all your favorite fresh fruits and berries—not only for finer flavor, but also for the precious vitamins you don't get in artificial mixtures.

IMPORTANT! Be sure to use Knox Gelatine—for nearly 50 years the highest quality gelatine sold in Canada. On sale everywhere. Write for free 24-page recipe book. Knox Gelatine, 140 St. Paul Street, West, Montreal, Canada, Dept. C.

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**They Taste BETTER
Because
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The OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED

Strawberry Ripe

Individual Strawberry Shortcakes (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Tablespoonful of sugar
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- ½ Cupful of milk
- 1 Pint of strawberries

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Work in the shortening with finger tips and add the milk gradually. Pat or roll lightly and cut with a large-sized biscuit cutter dipped in flour. Bake 12 minutes in a hot oven. Split while hot and spread with butter. Sweeten strawberries to taste, place on the back of the range until warmed, crush slightly and put between and on top of the shortcakes; garnish with whole berries.

Strawberry Cream Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Cupfuls of milk
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
- ¾ Cupful of sugar
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Eggs, beaten
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of true vanilla

Heat the milk. Put the cornstarch, sugar and salt in the top part of a double boiler, mix thoroughly and stir in the hot milk gradually. Cook, stirring constantly until thick. Continue to cook over hot water for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add part of the hot mixture to the eggs and blend thoroughly, then return to the double boiler and cook for a few minutes longer. Cool slightly. Pour into a baked pie shell. Just before serving cover generously with sliced ripe strawberries and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Frozen Strawberries

(Grand if you have a freezer)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Quart of strawberries
- Juice of 2 lemons
- 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- 1 Quart of water

Crush the berries and add the lemon juice. Boil the sugar and water for 10 minutes. Cool, add to the crushed berries and freeze. Use eight parts of ice to one part of salt in the freezer. When firm pack in four parts of ice to one part of salt. Serve with cream or honey meringue.

Honey Meringue

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Egg white
- ½ Cupful of honey

Place the honey and unbeaten egg white in the top of a double boiler. Cook for seven minutes, beating continually with a dower egg beater. Remove from the double boiler, and continue beating until the desired consistency is reached.

Strawberry Gelatine Whip

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of washed, hulled and halved strawberries
- 1½ Cupfuls of water, or fruit juice and water
- 1 Package of strawberry-flavored jelly powder
- 1 Egg white

Sprinkle the strawberries with a little sugar and allow to stand at room temperature for 15 to 20 minutes. Drain off the juice. Add water to make one and a half cupfuls of liquid, heat and add to the jelly powder. Stir until dissolved, cool and chill until it begins to thicken. Crush the strawberries in a large bowl, add the partially thickened jelly mixture and whip until very light and fluffy. Fold in the beaten egg white, chill and serve with cream. *

Walk on HAPPY FEET

Is every single step you take an agony? Stop the pain from that protesting corn with Blue Jay, the medicated corn plasters that do their work while you walk in comfort—yet cost only a few cents per corn! Blue Jay relieves the pain quickly, and softens up the core of the corn, so you can be rid of it completely. Ask for Blue Jay at your nearest drug or toilet goods counter today.



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on the top of his head. This condition is not serious and you can easily clear it up. As soon as you notice it, rub a generous amount of olive oil into his scalp when you put him to bed—or, even better, put a little flat pad of absorbent cotton soaked in oil on the spot, then a dry pad and finally an old bonnet. In the morning wash his hair well with soap and water and then remove the softened scales with a fine-toothed baby comb. If some of them won't come off readily, repeat the oil treatment again that night and they will be more manageable next day. Watch for cradle cap from then on, as you may need to remove it in this way fairly often.

Nosebleeds—Nosebleeds are nearly always minor ailments, but nevertheless they are responsible for many an anxious moment. If you understand how they are caused, you will be able to treat them more effectively. Usually the bleeding comes from a tiny vessel on the inner wall near the tip of the nose. Once it has been broken, it is apt to break again and that is the reason why nosebleeds so frequently recur. Apart from injury, they may occur during illnesses, such as measles, or if one of the blood vessels is weak, stooping over or lifting weights, both of which increase the flow of blood in the nose, may cause the vessel to rupture. Occasionally older girls have nosebleeds about the time of their monthly periods.

What should you do about them? First of all, do not have the child lie down, because that increases the blood supply to the head and makes the bleeding worse. It is particularly unwise to let him lie on his back because when he is in that position the blood runs down his throat and he unconsciously swallows it—only to vomit it later on, which is quite upsetting. The thing to do is to have him sit by a basin, with his head bent a little forward to prevent the blood running down his throat. Don't have him stand, because that is apt to make him feel faint.

If he just sits still a few minutes the bleeding will probably stop of itself, but if you want to hurry up the process you can put a cloth soaked in cold water over his nose, as that reduces the size of the blood vessels and lessens the bleeding. Or better still you can press his nostrils firmly together between your thumb and forefinger. Of course the child breathes through his mouth while you do this. Press the nostrils together for three minutes by the clock and then gently release the pressure. In most cases this will stop the bleeding. Tell the child to wipe his nose very gently and not to blow it at all for the rest of the day. If he disobeys your advice the bleeding may start up again. Do not be in a hurry to remove the clotted blood from the lower part of his nose as this too is apt to break the tiny vessel once more. One useful thing a child can learn from a nosebleed is the ability to watch the flow of blood with equanimity. If you treat the incident calmly and with no sign of alarm, your youngster will learn to do likewise.

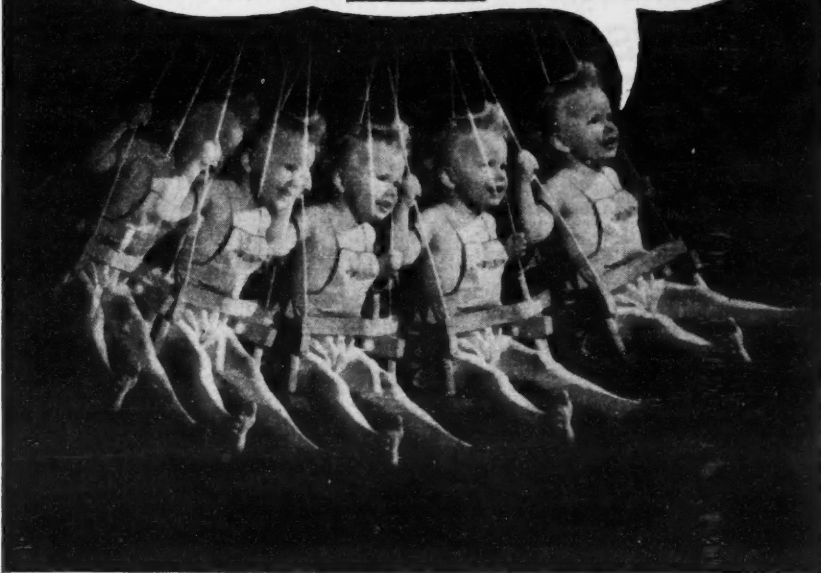
Dr. Robertson will be pleased to answer questions on child health and training. Please do not ask for prescriptions or feeding formulae. Address your letters to the Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

IF I COULD LIVE IN AN ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB, I MIGHT BE SAFE FROM GERMS THAT CAUSE SKIN RASHES; BUT I CAN'T, SO MOMMY PROTECTS ME WITH BABY POWDER THAT'S ANTISEPTIC. . . MENNEN.



Germ often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More antiseptic! Experience has proven the effectiveness of Mennen in combatting germ growth. Canadian mothers rely on Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder for Baby's protection—as well as comfort.

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Cover fine mesh gauze with 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly and place on burned area.



Bandage firmly—but not too tightly.



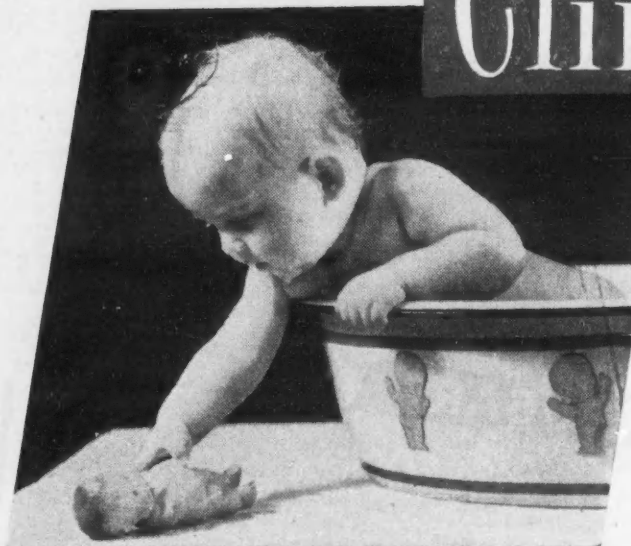
Call your physician immediately if the burn is deep or covers a wide area.

*NOTE—'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly (petrolatum U.S.P.) gives immediate relief and effective protection to the local burned area. In addition to this local treatment, serious burns often involve the use of blood plasma, sulfa, and other drugs.

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CHILD HEALTH
Clinic



BABY CARE

By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

Baby's Creases—The creases where baby's neck, arms and legs join his body are worth taking good care of, because they are very apt to get red and sore. The fatter the baby, the deeper the creases, but they are a fair size in any infant. What most commonly starts soreness in them is moisture gathering there and the rubbing of one side of the crease on the other side when baby moves his arms and legs.

After you bath him, therefore, you should spread open the creases and dry them with a soft towel. Then put a generous amount of cornstarch in the crease. It makes an excellent powder, it is cheap and it washes out again very easily. Every time baby wets himself, wipe out his creases with a little olive or mineral oil on a piece of absorbent cotton, wipe the oil out again with dry absorbent and then drop in a generous amount of cornstarch. This helps to keep the walls of the creases apart. Of course when baby has a movement, you will need to clean him up more thoroughly, but end up by putting a little oil into his creases, wiping it dry and powdering him with cornstarch.

Nipples—Apart from the thickness of the feeding, the size of the holes in the nipple determines the speed with which baby takes his feedings. He swallows a little air every time he sucks on the nipple. If the holes are too small he takes in with each swallow more air and less milk than he should. Naturally, too, he has to swallow oftener to take the whole feeding. The result of all this is that he has a great deal of uncomfortable air or gas in his stomach by the time he has finished his bottle. Therefore if the holes in the nipple are the right size it reduces the amount of this troublesome gas. A good way to test whether they are the right size is to hold the bottle upside down and see how quickly the milk drops out. A drop should come through every one to two seconds. If the rate is slower than this, take a needle and plunge the eye end into a cork, which serves as a handle. Then heat the tip of the needle red hot and pass it through

one or more of the holes in the nipple. Then upturn the bottle again and see if the milk drops through at about the right rate. If it is still too slow, heat the needle again and enlarge the holes still further. It is wise to proceed gradually in this way—because if you get the holes too large, you certainly can't make them smaller again. Baby should take his feeding in not less than 10, and not more than 20 minutes. Fifteen minutes is about right.

The best way to help him get rid of the gas is to hold him well up on your left shoulder and pat or rub him gently on the back until he "burps" it up. When he is in this position he can most easily bring it up. It is wise to put a towel or folded diaper over your shoulder in case a little milk comes up too. You should always hold him up in this manner after every feeding. In fact if he swallows much air when he is taking his bottle you would be wise to stop him when he has finished part of it and hold him up and then repeat this procedure after he has taken it all.

Always be sure that the bottle is tilted so that the nipple end is full of milk. If it isn't, baby will suck in air alone. Always hold the bottle—don't prop it up and let baby feed himself because then you can't watch what he is doing properly. Besides the bottle is apt to topple over, leaving the nipple end empty. Take the nipple out of his mouth as soon as the feeding is done. Sucking on an empty bottle or on a comfort increases the amount of air or gas in his stomach and this can be really painful for baby. If you lay baby in bed when he still has a good deal of gas in his stomach, he will probably bring up some of his feeding, as the gas cannot escape when he is in this position. Careful attention to these little details will save both you and baby a lot of discomfort and trouble.

Cradle Cap or Scurf on the Head—Baby's hair should of course be washed and gently rubbed dry every day, but even despite this care, little brownish scales or cradle cap sometimes appear

In my Hospital
too, the
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Z.B.T. CONTAINS OLIVE OIL—an advantage that helps to make it the baby powder choice in so many leading hospitals. Downy-soft Z.B.T. is superior in "slip." Moisture resistant.

MAKE THIS TEST! Smooth a thin film of Z.B.T. on your palm. Sprinkle a little water on it. Notice that the powder doesn't become caked or pasty and the water doesn't penetrate the Z.B.T. Your skin is still dry and protected. Compare with other leading baby powders!



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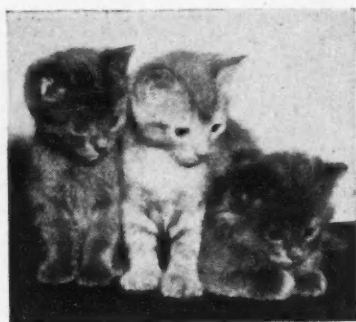
After the Bath



Dr. Chase's Ointment
for Chafing, Skin Irritations and
Baby Eczema

period. At the end of this time the child is taken away from the table, whether he has finished or not. He learns that if he would rather play than eat, that is his lookout. In the bath he is washed when first put in, then allowed a certain time (always the same) to splash about, and then taken out whether he protests or not. As he learns to dress himself—and this is a progressive learning program, first he learns to put on shoes, then stockings, and so on—he should be expected to accept responsibility for his contribution to the job. If he dawdles, either (a) this privilege is denied him, or (b) he misses the next activity of the day, whether it be breakfast, or a picnic, or a ride in the car, or whatnot. If he happens to be late for school, that is his choice. Let the school authorities deal with him. As he grows older and can run errands, these should be arranged for a definite period of the day, so that he knows when they are all done he will be free to play. If he feels that he may be asked to interrupt his play at any time to run an errand the importance of which, to him, is questionable, he will always dawdle.

Dawdling is a sign of bad training. It is the child's refuge against inconsistent routine. Arrange the child's day so that he feels comfortable in a routine and then let him choose whichever of the above alternatives he prefers and let him accept the consequences. He will soon learn to evaluate his own time and regulate it to fit the requirements of a busy life. He will not dawdle if he is interested in a task. The real job of the parent and teacher is to arrange for the development of interest. Nagging is one of the techniques which destroy interest.

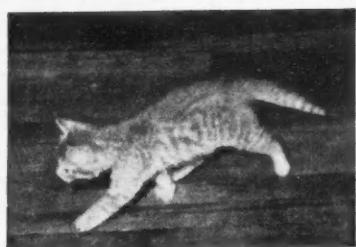


Our Cover

WE'VE HAD lots of glamour-pusses on covers before, but these are the real McCoy! They're month-old half-Persian kittens and, believe it or not, brother and sister, in spite of different coloring. They look almost too good to be true, so we took some informal studio shots to prove they're honest-to-goodness cats. You might not think it from his smug expression but the brother cat had such an attack of camera fright that he almost fainted away and had to be put on the windowsill to revive.

We screen-tested three of the family as shown above, but only two made the grade as cover models — and the third kitten just walked out on us.

Editor's note — Please don't send stamps or money for the kittens — they're already placed in happy homes.



"So...you're paying the child
to be good!"



1. I hated checking up on my sister Nan when she'd been so kind — having little Joan to stay with her all the week I was away — but I was irritated. And I spoke my mind. Think of seeing Nan bargaining with my baby daughter... actually offering Joanie candy to take a laxative!



2. "But you said yourself Joanie might need a laxative," Nan remonstrated, "and when she simply refused to take the one I always use, I thought of the candy. I didn't want to force the medicine on her... so what would you have done?"



4. "My doctor says it's *wrong* to give a child an adult's laxative. It might be too strong and upsetting for her delicate stomach. I give Joan Castoria. Castoria is made especially for children... so it's safe and gentle, never harsh."



6. I bought the money-saving Family Size Bottle and gave some to Joanie when we got home. And was Nan surprised at the way little Joan really enjoyed her Castoria! "No wonder you don't pay her to be good," she said. "Castoria is the answer!"

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



3. "Well, I wouldn't bribe her," I said, "or force medicine on her, either. There's no need! And instead of tears, when I give her a laxative she smiles and wants more. I always give her Castoria because, besides tasting good, it's mild yet effective."



5. Nan walked home with us, and we dropped in at the druggist's on the way. He spoke highly of Castoria, too. "I always recommend it," he said, "not only for infants but for children up to 10 years, as well."



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

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Nutrim

BABY CEREAL

Contains 5 Vitamins and 3 Minerals—
Requires No Cooking

HINTS ON FEEDING BABY HIS FIRST SOLID FOODS

By Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph.B.,
Baby Counsellor of Heinz Home Institute

● If your baby's diet is to be balanced, he must learn to like many new flavours and food textures. Pick the right time to introduce a new food. Feed him a small quantity when he's hungriest—just before the bottle. Place the food well into his mouth, being careful not to gag him, for that might cause permanent dislike. In Heinz Baby Foods your baby gets the benefit of our 75 years experience in preparing the world famous 57 Varieties!



Notice the difference in flavour, colour and texture of—

HEINZ
57 BABY FOODS

First of a series of articles on child behavior by the well-known Canadian psychologist, Dr. William Blatz

Dawdling



Is your child a dawdler? Dr. Blatz discusses the reasons why children dawdle — it's a sign of bad training; a refuge against inconsistent routine. And here's what to do about it.

IN A PREVIOUS article (Chatelaine, March, 1944) the theory of discipline was explained. It is often difficult on the spur of the moment to apply the theory in practice and so the parent uses an impulsive treatment that may act as a boomerang. For example, a mother was having difficulty in "getting her child to obey." On being questioned she said, "Yesterday he acted up at dinner and said 'Shut up' to me when I admonished him. I warned him that if he said 'Shut up' again I would send him to his room." She was asked, "Did he say it again?" "Yes." "Did you send him to his room?" "No." "Why not?" "Because I didn't think he meant it."!!! It is obvious to anyone that with such inconsistent treatment this child can have little respect for his mother's authority. Threats should be used sparingly, but if used should be followed through.

Although there are no "rules of thumb" in supervising children, there are situations that arise in the training of all children which may be discussed and explained so that the parent may become more familiar with the adequate treatment for such instances. For example, all children at times lie, steal, are rude and discourteous, cantankerous, unpunctual, destructive, and so on.

In this article we will discuss the problem of "dawdling."

THE AVERAGE grownup has "things" to do. The father has a job to go to and if he is late loses either some of his wages or prestige. The mother has jobs to do in the home and knows that if they are not done they will accumulate and "hang over her head." Therefore most grownups arrange a routine of sorts so that the tasks for which they are responsible are done on time. The acceptance of responsibility is the keynote of this training. It is well to

remember, however, that few grownups are perfect in this respect.

Now a child also has "things to do," but oftentimes these are not the things which his parents want done at the time he wants to do them. The child may want to play in the bathtub, whereas the mother wants to get him out and dried and dressed so that she can get on with her work. A child who is not very hungry may want to play with his food. The mother wants him to finish so that she can get him to bed and prepare for guests who will soon be arriving. The child may want to daydream in the morning while dressing, while the father is champing at the bit waiting to take him to school. Or perhaps a child is sent to the store for a forgotten article needed in preparing the dinner and takes an inordinately long time in returning.

It is well to remember that the child is not dawdling. He is enjoying himself. It is the parent who interprets his behavior as "dawdling."

What to do about it?

FIRST LET us talk of prevention. A child learns to fit into a routine as readily as he learns that there need be no routine. During the first two years it is important to regulate the child's life by the clock. The more meticulous the parent in arranging for the sleeping time, mealtime, bath time and playtime, the more readily the child "expects" the events of the day to fit into a pattern. It is so easy for parents to think that the child has nothing to do but fit into their whims. One day the father likes to frolic with his children, the next day he wants quiet so he can read the paper.

After two years, more or less (some children are more advanced than others), the child has learned to do many things for himself. He should, for example, feed himself. The mealtime, set at a regular hour, should fit into a 20 to 25 minute

Back the Invasion

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THIS IS OUR BATTLE TOO!



CANADIAN WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS

The Woman in the Spotlight...

YOU KNOW her well. She lives next door and in the apartment block across the street and in the little cottage over the tracks. You see her shepherding her pair of Sunday-scrubbed children down the church aisle once a week. You meet her at Red Cross; you're forever bumping into her outside the supermarket. And any time at all you can have a critical close-up of her in front of your own mirror.

She has always been a nice person, and a pretty important one to everybody whose life she touches. She is the indispensable heart and spirit and practical head of the home; without any specialized training she has mastered a hundred skills, from child rearing to petit point. Sometimes she looks wistfully at the women who make the headlines, the ladies of legislatures and platforms and careers; she remembers that rather dreary vocational title, "housewife," entered opposite her name in tax papers and census returns. She was the most surprised person in this Dominion when the Government dumped one of its biggest problems right into her lap and said, "Please deal with this—you're the only one who can."

That was more than two years ago, when price control and inflation and coupon-rationing were still in the realm of fancy phrases. Today that same woman, with no preparation other than her good sense as a housekeeper and her instinct for the decent neighborly line of action, has proved to be the prime factor in keeping some sort of price ceiling over our heads. By thrifty shopping, by conscientious co-operation with the rationing program, by scrimping and saving, by making do and making over, she has succeeded in a national emergency project which, from the outset, could have had no hope of success without her understanding and support. For (let us confess it now) it was within her power to sabotage Canada's war against inflation; and the much-publicized fact that 80 to 85% of the national income is handled by women *might* have proved a boomerang. But to her everlasting credit she resisted the temptation to hoard, to indulge in buying sprees; the fact that the black market has never achieved more than a temporary, insecure and localized toe hold in this country is a rather important tribute to the determined law-abiding character of the family shopper.

* * *

RECENTLY the Government, through the medium of films, radio and posters, said, "Thanks, Mrs. Consumer." A nice gesture but hardly necessary. Intelligent self-interest tells any woman, concerned with the continuing welfare of her family, that one dollar in her purse with a fixed buying value in terms of milk and sugar and potatoes is more to be desired than five or 10 or 50 with no certainty as to its purchasing capacity. And it isn't too great a challenge to her imagination to ask her to apply the same principle to the family's investment in war savings and Victory bonds and insurance, for without stability in value these reserves for the future will fall far short of her postwar dreams of a new house or a good education for her children.

* * *

THE JOB isn't finished yet, nor will it be for some time. Economic stabilization at home must continue at least until the final decision on the battle fronts. The woman whom you and I know so well, the woman going efficiently and unobtrusively about her own business of clothing and feeding her family and maintaining her home, has little time to study the high economics involved, but her record to date shows her grasp of the plain facts. She is a good housekeeper, and a good citizen too. We can count on her.

Mary-Elta Macpherson

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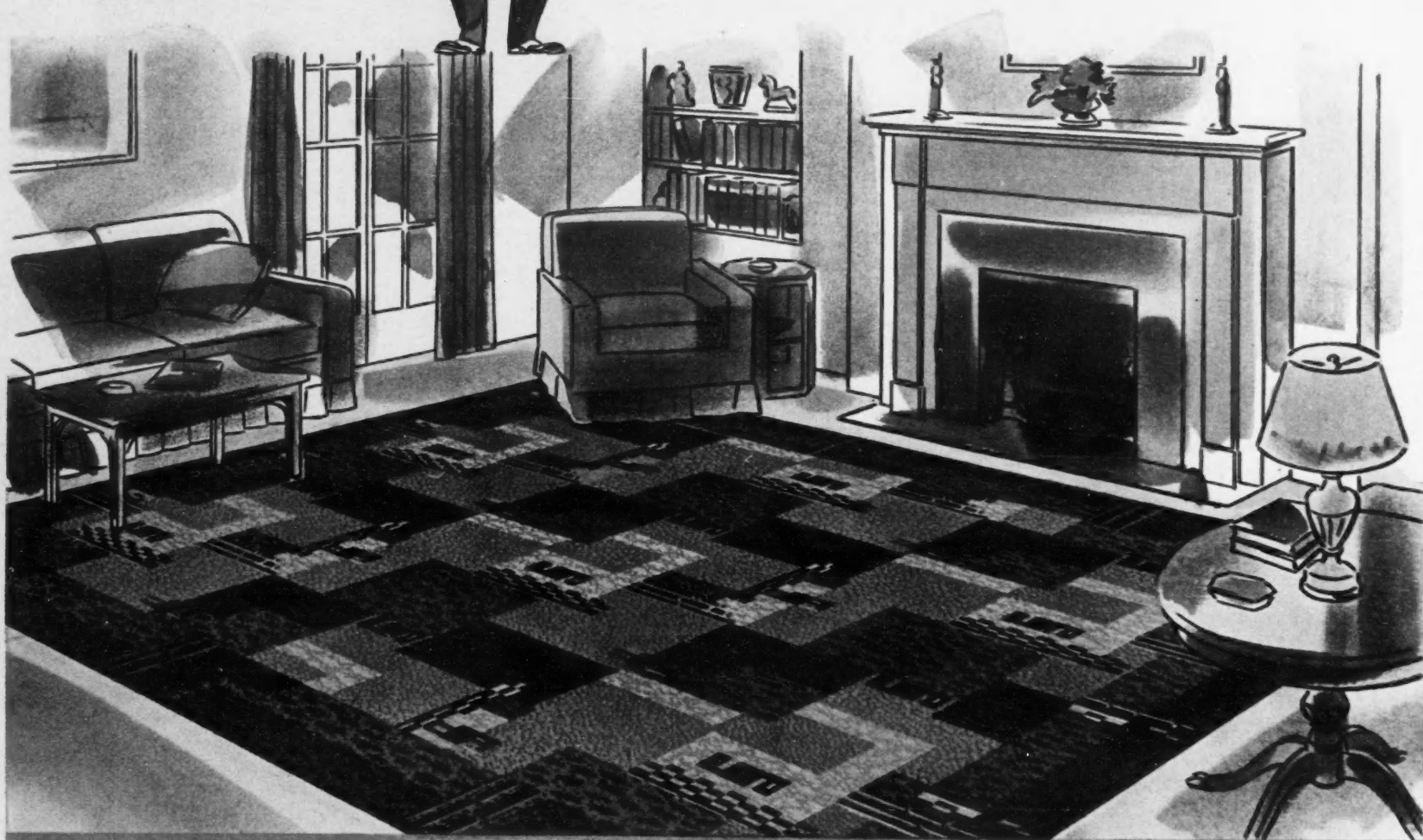
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